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TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

The Silver Question. SEE FOURTH PAGE

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Poetry.

YEARS AFTER.

I know the years have rolled across thy grave
Till it has grown a plot of level grass;
All Summer does its green luxuriance wave
In silken shimmer on thy breast, alas!
And all the winter it is lost to sight
Beneath the winding-sheet of chilly white.

I know the precious name I love so much
Is heard no more the haunts of men among;
The tree thou plantedst has outgrown thy touch,
And signs of alien ears its murmuring song.
The lattice rose forgets thy tendance sweet,
The air thy laughter and the sod thy feet.

Through the dear woods where grew thy violets
Lies the worn track of travel, toil and trade;
And steam's imprisoned demon fumes and frets,
With shrieks that scare the wild bird from shade.
Mills vex the lazy streams, and on its shore
The timid harebell swings its chimes no more.

But yet—even yet—if I, grown changed and old,
Should lift my eyes at opening of day,
And see again thy fair head's waving gold,
And meet thy dear eyes' tender smile once more,
These years of parting like a breath would seem
And I should say, "I knew it was a dream!"
—Elizabeth Akers Allen.

OF MY LADY'S FIDDLESTRINGS.

Four little slaves my lady has,
All obedient to her will.
With a potent wand she rules them,
To her highest bidding schools them;
When she takes in hand her bow,
Straight they sing or loud or low;
Willing choristers, until
She commands them to be still.

When my lady's heart beats happy
All her little slaves rejoice;
Sing they then with exhultation,
As in joyful emulation
Of the lark that from on high
Fills the earth with melody.
'Twixt their music and lark's voice
Hard for mortals to make choice.

When she sighs in melancholy,
Plaintiff then and sad their strain;
Wailing as for lost salvation,
As for sins past expiation;
Moaning like some wounded thing,
Sobbing, sighing, whimpering,
Shrieking now in bitter pain,
Sinking now to sobs again.

Thus their music changes ever
With the changing of her mood,
Now in minor chords of sadness,
Now in joyous poem of gladness.
Would she but, as them, rule me,
Great my happiness would be,
Daily, hourly renewed.

THE ICEMAN.

How pleasant is the rumble
Of his wagon o'er the rocks!
From the fence the children tumble
To see him slice the blocks.

And they meet him,
And they greet him,
And they wish him mighty well;
He's a very welcome fellow—
The man with ice to sell!

The steaming air grows pleasant
As his wagon cleaves it through;
Each towhead gets a present
Of a dripping lump or two.

And they meet him,
And they greet him,
And they wish him mighty well;
He's the best man in the country—
The man with ice to sell!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Miscellany.

THE TENOR HIGH C.

The Question as to the Range of the Male and Female Voice.

There is a question in music which I have heard debated often and one upon which musical people, even singers, disagree. As the question is such a fundamental one, it seems strange there should be any difference of opinion concerning it among those at all educated in music. The question is this: Is the range of the male voice an octave below that of the female voice? In other words, is the tenor high C and the low G of the baritone lower than the low G of the contralto? If this be so, why is the music for a tenor written on the same clef as for a soprano showing apparently the same pitch, instead of indicating in some way that there is an octave difference between the two? A clear explanation of the question will be gratefully received.

Answer: The tenor high C is an octave below the soprano high C, and the low G of the baritone is an octave lower than the low G of the contralto. All "opinions" to the contrary belong in the same category as the alleged "proofs" of the exact squaring of the circle which continue to be put forth from time to time.

Another cause of misconception on this point is, however, the very different impression made upon the ear by notes in a male or a female voice. High tenor A, for instance, is in unison with the medium A of a contralto; but somehow it seems to sound higher. That is, every one immediately recognizes the high A of a tenor as a "high note;" no one thinks of the medium A of the contralto as a 'high note." And yet both notes are of exactly the same pitch. The reason for this difference of impression is that this A really is a high note for a tenor—it lies very near the extreme upper limit of his compass, and its production is associated with a certain amount of effort to "sing high;" but this same note lies in the medium of a contralto voice, and no sort of physical effort or straining is associated with its production. Thus it is difficult for ears of no more than ordinary acoustical keeness to realize that high tenor A is really no higher than medium contralto A; the ordinary ear is the victim of an "acoustical illusion."

That some singers, even professional ones, are still victims of this illusion is unfortunately true; but they are to be considered as cranks, at least on this subject.—Boston Transcript.

They Mistook His Mission.

Some years ago a delegation went from a certain city to Washington to work a great appropriation for the benefit of Mobile's harbor. Among the party was a genial major, who was well primed with facts.

He longed, moreover, to see the inside of senatorial poker. Soon occasion presented itself. The genial man dropped his evening's pile and smiled himself out.

Next night he came again. Fickle fortune still frowned.

Once more the genial Alabamian's pile grew small rapidly and hideously less. Finally a pat flush swept his last dollar, and he arose from the table a trifle hasty.

"Don't go," cried the winning senator chirpily; "sit in again and try it over."

"Gentlemen, you mistake my mission entirely," retorted the Alabamian, backing to the door; "I wish you to understand that I came to Washington to get an appropriation—not to make one!"—Argonaut.

Saddening.

"It's terrible ter read about de trouble dat's in dis world," said Plodding Pete.

"Dat's right," said Meandering Mike; "I don't know when I was more melancholy dan I wuz dis morn'g when I cast me eyes over a newspaper. I jest had ter lay de paper down widout finishin' de chapter."

"Wot wuz ye readin' erbout?"

"Wanted Male Help'."—Washington Star.

BLOOMERS FOR STREET WEAR.

The Newest Woman, Miss Chestie of Lohdon, Goes Shopping.

The new woman appeared on Twenty-third street at noon yesterday, says a New York writer. She was not bold, but she was entirely self-possessed. She took a step forward of her sisters of the bicycle. She wore a pair of bloomers of checked cloth and leggins that extended to her shapely knees. From her shoulders a full cloak hung to the top of her leggins, and on her

MISS CHESTIC'S RAINY DAY GARB.

head was perched a rakish fedora hat. When the wind blew aside the cloak, other women stopped and looked frightened and drew in their breath, and exclaimed: "My good gracious." Some of them said harsh things.

This newest woman was Miss Dorothy Chestic, an English actress, who has lately arrived in this country. She is at the Hotel Peteler. Miss Chestic stopped at the shop windows and all the other women looked, not at the windows, but at her. When she went into the shops, the gentlemanly floor-walkers were very much surprised, while the young women behind the counter took a great interest in Miss Chestic's legs.

When the storm broke other women gathered up their bedraggled skirts and ran for shelter. The observer

"IT'S NOT IMMODEST."

then perceived that they wore no leggins. Miss Chestic, on the other hand, walked calmly along. Her hat and her cloak were waterproof and there were no petticoats to swish and swash in the rain.

"I have long been an enthusiastic wheelwoman," said Miss Chestic to the reporter who called on her at her hotel, "and it occurred to me that there would be no immodesty, but infinite utility in wearing bloomers on a rainy day. So I invented this costume in London, and after I wore it many women followed my example."

FIRST BATHING IN THE SEA.

It Dates Back Two Centuries and Was Once a Punishment.

The season when the seaside will be the resort of most who are not absolutely indignant is within measureable distance, says Science Siftings. It is interesting to note in this connection that sea bathing had its origin in England before 1750, when Dr. Richard Russell published his treatise on the virtues of sea water. The healing virtues of the sea bath were not understood, nor was the practice of sea bathing generally resorted to. There seems to have existed a horror of the sea; indeed, in medieval times a comulsory dip in its waters was a sentence often passed on the public offender. In the earlier decades of the last century Western Europe suffered heavily under "king's evil," the popular name for that tuberculous affection which scourged all classes from peer to peasant.

Dr. Russell, a Sussex practitioner, had observed that dwellers on the coast used to drink of the sea water, bathe in it, even wash their sores in it, and bind them up with sea weed. Having satisfied himself as to the efficacy of the practice he began to prescribe it for the patients with most satisfactory results. His treatise resulted in our coasts becoming largely patronized by the ailing, and the demand for seaside lodgings was soon a growing quantity. Then people commenced to see that fresh water was a good thing, and the vital importance of the skin as an excretor of waste was greatly emphasized somewhat later (in 1834), when the morning "tub" was instituted, and has since acquired a world-wide reputation.

A Dangerous Dreamer.

A young married couple lived very happily together. One morning, however, the young woman was very morose at the breakfast table, and behaved in a most extraordinary way. The husband noticed the change in her manner, but on being questioned by him as to the cause of it she would not give him satisfaction until he finally insisted on being told what was the matter.

"Well," she said at last "if I dream again that you have kissed another woman I will not speak to you again as long as I live."—Exchange.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"Who knows what the death rate is here?" asked the statistical boarder.

"Why," gurgled the cheerful idiot, "anybody ought to know that there is one death apiece for every inhabitant."

The statistical boarder began some remarks on the subject of the cheerful idiot's grammar, but the mad rush for strawberries drowned his voice in the clamor.—Indianapolis Journal.

Enterprise.

Foreigner—So eternal vigilance is the price of liberty.

Native—That, sir, is the regular price, but without having made especial investigation, sir, I have no hesitation in saying that you will doubtless find our great department stores offering heavy reductions.—Detroit Tribune.

The New Orderly.

Visitor—Is the Herr Lieutenant at home?

Orderly—No!

Visitor—I can hardly believe that!

Orderly—Then step inside and ask him yourself; perhaps you will believe it then!—Im Krieg und Frieden.

NO HURRY IN NORWAY.

People Take Their Time There and Wonder at Yankee Visitors.

These Norwegians are a wonderful patient people, says a correspondent of the New York Post. They never hurry; why should they? There is always time enough. We breakfast at 9. Monsieur goes to business at 10 or so, and returns to his dinner, like all the rest of the Scandinavian world, at 2:30. We reach coffee and cigarettes at about 4, and then monsieur goes back to his office, if he likes, for two or three hours. We sometimes see him again at supper at 8:30, but usually there is a game of whist, or a geographical society lecture, or a concert, or a friend's birthday fete (an occasion never overlooked by your true Norwegian), or some one has received a barrel of oysters, and would not, could not, dream of opening them without champagne and company—masculine company only. It seems to me that there are entirely too many purely male festivities here. In fact, the men say so themselves, and that they would enjoy many of the occasions much more if ladies were present. But "it is not the custom of the country" (a rock on which I am always foundering) to omit or to change in such matters. Monsieur only does as do all the other men of his age, which is elderly, and condition, which is solid.

I have never accustomed myself to the fact that one is expected to stop and wait for all approaching carts or vehicles of any class to pass before attempting to cross a street in town. I am always being stopped short on the curbstone by a frantic pull at my arm, and some strange but agonized friendly voice at my side begging to know if I don't see that sledge coming, a sledge half a block off! Perhaps it is because the street traffic is comparatively small that the vehicles always have the right of way. And certainly, too, because there is so much time. You need not fancy that the driver will hasten the jog of his stocky little yellow pony, when he sees you waiting. Nothing of the sort. That is as it has been. It is quite meet that you wait.

There is a curious feeling concerning America over here, in one way and another. Morgenbladet, the chief Conservative paper, an organ locally of the first importance, keeps a sort of horror chamber of Americana. The reason is, I suppose, that in these very stable and troublous political times, when not only the union, but the monarchy itself, is threatened and tottering, the Conservative interest thinks it dangerous to allow any virtue to appear in a republic, and especially in ours, the most flourishing and therefore the most pernicious example of that invention of evil bred.

Day after day they seem to rifle the cable dispatches for dreadful tales of failures, crime and disaster, but if a word of good or neutral import appears it is only because it is too important to be overlooked; it is very briefly expressed, and usually gloomily commented upon.

I have often thought, in reading over these dismal matters that our papers furnish us with far too much of such material on a large scale to make it necessary for a hostile foreign power to betake itself, as Morgenbladet often does, to accounts of obscure barber shop affrays, when it wishes to represent the true inwardness of American daily life. One result of the persistent inculcation of this doctrine is that I have met several most cultivated gentlemen who are remarkably versed in the ways and manners of Tammany Hall, but whose study of America otherwise has convinced them that it is a common custom among men of the better classes in New York to wear pistols in their belts whenever they go into the streets.

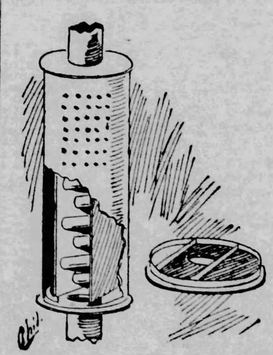
Although so many Norwegians have emigrated to America and are loyal and prosperous in their adopted country, I should say that the general mental attitude towards America of the solid portion of the population here is one of distrust. They are an exceedingly hospitable and courteous people, and they are glad to make you truly welcome and to like you. But if you win their esteem, as you will if you deserve it, and are well bred, it will not be as an American representative of America, but as a white crow.

On the whole, when impressions have had time to formulate themselves one feels that America is here regarded as the land of inflation; of pinchbeck and meretricious manufactures, untrustworthy stuffs, doctors made in a minute, soulless hurry for wealth, disregard for mental and spiritual pleasures and a love of ruptness in the pursuit and worship of the dollar; the country where wealth is more than principle, mind or breeding, and where vulgar thirst for titles remains, other ambition having been gratified. It made me rather indignant when one of the boys came home from school the other day with the news that one of his masters had been asserting as a recognized fact, that every American girl of fortune is provided with a list of the eligible titles of Europe, with notes regarding their several merits and demerits, and that she learns it as a part of her regular business. Yet it is too plainly to be seen whence such ideas arise! One cannot in the face of the facts, contradict them as handsomely as one longs to do.

A NOVEL DEVICE.

A Heating Drum for Setting in the Smoke-Pipe of a Stove.

Here is a household contrivance that was recently invented by a man in Iowa. The Scientific American illustrates it. The object of the device is to heat, by means of the smoke-pipe, a room in



addition to the one heated by the stove itself.

As shown in the cut, the shell of the drum has air-compartments, one at each side, and in the centre is the passage for the smoke and gas. Across this passage, arranged obliquely, are a number of flues, which are connected with the air-compartments.

In the lower head is an opening at one side, as shown in figure 2, permitting the air to enter one of the compartments, whence it passes through the flues. In going through the flues it becomes heated, and then passes from them through the perforations in the shell out into the room.

Gas-tight joints prevent smoke and gases from escaping into the air-compartments.

This arrangement will be found quite useful where the pipe from a stove, a furnace or a range passes through another room before it reaches the chimney connection.

Healthful, for the Present.

The Fates were upon the point of adjourning over Sunday.

"Oh, by the way," interposed the chair, "there is a matter of the healthfulness of the bicycle still undecided, the committee on destiny having reported it back without recommendation. I suppose we shall have to let bicyclists live until we get a place fitted up in the hereafter for storing their wheels. Is there objection? The chair hears no objection. It is so ordered."—Detroit Tribune.

Compensation.

"Yes,' sighed the Hammock regretfully, "it was my fault that those sweet young people fell out."

"Never mind," rejoined the Bicicye Built for Two, with a merry little twinkle in its nickel-plated spokes, "I shall see to it that they are much throw together."

Thus again a compensatory juxtaposition of natural forces was established.—Detroit Tribune.

Strategy.

"Aha," exclaimed the King of Dahomey, imperiously waving his hand, "you will observe that our Amazons never retreat any more."

The potentate touched his brow significantly.

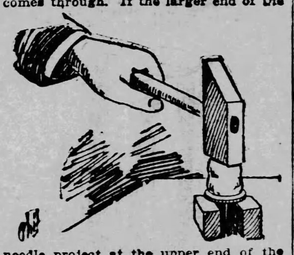
"Oh, yes," he proceeded, "our head is something larger than a peanut. We knew what we were doing when we had our soldiery fitted with uniforms that wrinkle in the back. Yes."—Detroit Tribune.

PIERCING A NICKEL.

An Interesting and Instructive Experiment With a Needle and a Coin.

We know that steel is much harder than nickel or silver, but a steel needle is so very slender hat it seems impossible to force it through a coin. The feat, however, is very simple and may easily be accomplished.

The first thing is to insert a needle in a cork so that the point barely comes through. If the larger end of the



needle project at the upper end of the cork, snap it off with a pair of shears, so that it may be flush with the surface of the cork.

Place a nickel upon two blocks of wood, as shown in the cut, and put the cork on it, with the sharp end of the needle down, of course. Give the cork a quick, sharp blow with a hammer and the needle, being unable to bend owing to the support given it by the cork, will go through the nickel. A silver quarter may be readily used in place of the nickel.

LOST OVER FOUR CENTURIES AGO.

Speculation as to the Fate of Sir Walter Raleigh's Colony.

One of the most romantic legends of American history is that connected with the name of Virginia Dare, the first white child of English descent born on American soil, and the colony of which her parents were members, says the Louisville Commercial. The colony was sent from England by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1587, and landed on Roanoke island, under Governor John White, who soon went back to England for supplies, and though he had left his own family on the island, he did not come back for three years. When he returned the colony had disappeared, though there was no evidence that it had been the victim of violence or famine. It had simply moved, and had indicated where it had gone. Governor White seems to have been singularly indifferent to the fate of his family, whose place of refuge he seems to have known, and he did not prosecute any search for them in person, though Sir Walter Raleigh sent five unsuccessful expeditions to to find the colony.

In the July number of the Mid-Continent Magazine Frances Jones Melton gives the reasons for maintaining that the descendants of the lost colonists have been found in the Croatans, on Lumber river, a mixed people of English and Indian descent, who bear English names, and many of whom have the gray eyes, fair complexion and blonde hair of the Anglo-Saxon. In the reconstruction period the name of Henry Bell Lowrie was very familiar. He was classed as an author, and was prosecuted and persecuted by the authorities of the reconstructed state, to whom everybody not of mixed white blood was a negro. This classification was vigorously resented by Lowrie and his people, who are proud of their descent, and have kept themselves distinct from whites, negroes and Indians alike. Miss Melton gives a very interesting account of these peculiar people, and the evidence she summarizes makes a strong support for her claims that they are descendants of Sir Walter's lost colony.

HALF THE BAND SULKED.

Schofield Said They Didn't Play When Sousa's Back Was Turned.

The last echoes of one of Sousa's overtures was just dying away over the sand hills south of the Fair grounds, when Gen. Schofield stepped in front of the band, and saluted the distinguished leader, says the San Francisco Chronicle. Sousa returned the salute, and sent one of his men to escort the general into the bandstand.

"That music was beautiful—beautiful!" exclaimed the general, as he shook Sousa's hand warmly. "I am astonished, sir, that you can get results with so little discipline."

There is nothing that Sousa prides himself on more than being one of the strictest disciplinarians, and he was naturally nettled at the general's criticism.

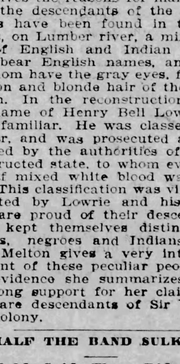
"Why, general, my men are under perfect control. I'm sure they are thoroughly drilled, and I can hardly believe that there is any lack of discipline. I haven't noticed it."

"No, that's just it; you don't see it," persisted the general. "I saw it, though. Do you know that as soon as you turn your back on one side of your band to shake your baton at the other those fellows all quit playing! Of course, you don't see it, for as soon as you turn around they begin again."

A HOME-MADE LETTER SCALE.

Fashioned Out of a Broomstick and a Wide Mouthed Water-Jar.

A very good scale for weighing letters may be made by any one without expense. Get the handle of a worn-out broom and cut off about fifteen inches of it. Pour water into a wide-mouthed jar until it is nearly full, and, having attached a weight to one end of the stick and tacked a square of cardboard



to the other, the latter to serve as a platform, plunge the stick into the water, as shown in the cut.

The weight should be heavy enough to keep about three-fourths of the stick under water. Having done all this, get a half-ounce, an ounce and a two-ounce weight (you may borrow them from your druggist), and placing them, one at a time, upon the platform of your scale, carefully mark on the stick the water level in each case.

This scale is somewhat rude, but it is good enough for all practical purposes.

Change of Style.

Clerk—You will need twelve wards for a bathing suit, miss.

Fair Customer—Gracious! Why last year it only took three.

Clerk—I know, but this year they are wearing them with puffed sleeves.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cut Short on His Stories.

"Is your daddy doin' much fishin' these days?"

"No; he's paralyzed, an' he can't lie like he used to."—Atlanta Constitution.

Silent Cities.

It is said that there are in the state of Kansas twenty well-built towns without a single inhabitant.—New Orleans Picayune.

Our New Serial Story.

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THE GOLDEN ROCK.

—BY—

ERNEST GLANVILLE.

Author of "THE LOST HEIRESS," "THE FOSSICKERS," "A FAIR COLONIST," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

The sound of the gun broke with relief upon the trained nerves of the spectators.

"Cut the moorings!"

Silently the men on the Irene cut through the ropes, and the Swift floated free.

There was another sullen report, and a shell tore through the tall rigging.

The big, white cruiser, with a cloud of smoke hanging about her sides, was leisurely steaming up about half a mile distant, and there was no question of her nature nor of the ferocity of her commander, who could ruthlessly open fire for sheer deviltment on a defenceless ship, for the Swift was up to the present completely hidden.

What must have been the astonishment of her people when, following their last shot, there broke from the blockade runner a murmur of cheering as every soul on board cracked his throat in sending up a loud hurrah for the small ship and her gallant crew; and when, immediately afterwards, there shot out from the shadow of the Irene a long, low grey craft. When the hunter, coming upon the dead quarry he had wounded earlier in the day, suddenly discovers, crouching behind, the striped body of the tiger, his feeling of dismay, perhaps, would be the same.

"Captain, captain," cried Miss Anstrade, "what are you doing? Ah, heaven, I see it now; may the saints preserve him." She caught hold of a rope and stood looking from the catcher to the towering battleship, with its broadside pierced for heavy guns, and its decks crowded with men.

"Oh," she said, "it is cruel."

Captain Pardoe stood on the bridge before entering the conning tower, his glass to his eyes, and his feet braced apart. Then he turned and waved his hand to the Irene, bringing it to his mouth in a trumpet.

"Steam away at full speed and make for Cape Verde. Good-bye."

Another cheer, strangely hoarse, broke from the Irene, and was responded to by the men on the catcher, and a moment later the 4-inch gun opened fire with a roar. The smaller guns spoke, and the whole five of them flashed out shot after shot, making such a volume of smoke that the low ship was at once completely hidden from those on the Irene.

"My God," murmured Webster, "why did I not stay with him!"

"Don't let his sacrifice be in vain," said Hume, touching Webster on the shoulder. "He will be happier if he knows we can escape."

"It is terible, Frank, I cannot give the order. Do so yourself."

Hume sadly went to the bridge and gave the order for full speed ahead, but the Irene had not gone a mile when, as though by common consent, the steamer slowed down, and every one on board, even to the stokers, crowded on to the stern poop to watch the unequal battle, letting the steamer drift as she liked.

The cruiser had made not the slightest attempt to stop the Irene, for the storm of shot bursting in a sudden upon her, when she was in the full security of conscious strength, had plunged her into a state of wild confusion. At the first smash and yell of the missiles along her sides and through her tall rigging, there had been a wild rush from her decks as the terrified crew sought shelter from the mysterious enemy, and their panic was increased by the fierce bombardment which the catcher poured in from her five quick-firing guns at the rate of thirty shots a minute. They saw approaching a revolving cloud of smoke, out of which there flashed flames of fire, and the cruiser fairly turned and fled, pouring in a scattering broadside which went wide of the mark.

When the Irene slowed down the cruiser, about two miles distant, was steaming on a southwest course, and the Swift was turning under cover of her smoke, which hung low on the water. The men on the derellict raised cheer on cheers in a state of great exultation.

"It is magnificent," said Miss Anstrade, with shining eyes. "Why don't you cheer, Mr. Webster?" and she gave out a ringing cry.

"It is too good to be true," murmured the lieutenant, as he anxiously watched the cruiser. "Ah, I feared so. See, he is coming round."

The stately white ship, making a wide sweep to port, came round, letting go her broadside of six guns and her two heavy bow chasers before she steadied on a course, which would bring her very soon opposite the Irene. The water about the Swift was torn up, and she heeled over to the shock.

"She is struck!"

"Good God, she is sinking!"

"No; hurrah! she is righting."

Miss Anstrade covered her face with her hands, and threw them from her with a passionate gesture, while Webster and Hume stood by with white-set faces.

The Swift had pointed her bows at the cruiser, and was firing now only with her 4-inch at the same time steaming slowly astern, as though waiting for some opening.

The contrast between the combatants was more striking as the Swift lay broadside on to the Irene, a long low grey line on the great waste, while though further off, the high bows of the cruiser, her lofty decks and towering spars, loomed vast and terrible.

"God's truth!" cried one sailor, smashing his brawny fist against the bulwarks, in a fury, "it's wrong; it's a shame; they're not matched!"

"Watch him; he's porting his helm."

The cruiser was now altering her course, and the water was piled up as she turned a few points to port, bringing her bow chasers to bear on the Swift.

"They'll rake the Swift fore and aft; sweep her guns away," muttered Webster, moistening his lips.

"Look! there he goes! God bless the captain! Hurrah for our mates!"

The Swift suddenly moved ahead, and gathering way from the tremendous power of her engines, leapt toward her huge opponent. That moment the heavy guns roared, but the shells missed their prey by a few feet. As it was the two funnels were sheered off as though they had been cut, and the fragments whirled aloft. Then the catcher's guns maintained a furiousfire as she swept on, but the cruiser completing her manoeuvre, went round to port, and from her bow to her stern her broadside guns thundered one after the other.

A shudder, a hoarse murmur of grief ran round the group on the Irene.

Out of the smoke the Swift swept to leeward, rolling heavily. Her long gun had been torn away from its fastenings and thrown across the ship, the shields about the 12-pounders were battered down, and the brave men who had served them were stretched motionless.

Her guns were silenced. There remained to her torpedoes, but were there any left to work them?

The cruiser was still going round to bring her port broadside to bear, and it all depended on whether Capt. Pardoe could turn the Swift, carry her under the stern of the enemy, and discharge his torpedoes.

But the Swift rolled heavily, and at the moment when she should have turned to starboard her bows went round.

"Her steering gear has been injured," cried Webster.

Out of the raffle, forward by the conning tower, a man appeared, and with a perceptible stagger reeled aft to the wheel which had escaped uninjured.

"'Tis the quartermaster," whispered the men.

From the cruiser's decks men fired at him, but he reached the wheel, and threw his strength into it.

Then on the shattered portion of the bridge there stood the figure of the captain. A moment he looked around him, then above his head to the summit of the single bare pole on board there mounted a black ball, and there streamed out the red and blue of the Union Jack.

Both ships came round, the Swift stern on, and the cruiser with her broadside.

The six guns flashed together in one thunderous roar, the Swift seemed to shrink at the shock, her decks were swept, the bridge torn to fragments; then she leapt forward and buried her ram in the body of her great enemy. Through iron and wood the spur of steel forced its way, and the splinters and crash could be heard above the fierce lashings of the screws and the wild cries of the crew.

For a breathless pause the catcher battered at the wound she made; then she was swept round against the side of the cruiser, and sunk stern foremost. Into the whirlpool made the cruiser dipped her wounded side, her decks came over at first slowly to the weight of the rushing water; then, with a mighty smash her masts struck the sea and she turned bottom up; there was a flash of sinking copper, and then the waves above her closed, with a rush, and there was nothing but tossing foam to mark where the two antagonists had gone down, almost locked together in their last deadly embrace.

CHAPTER XIV—"TAKE ME WITH YOU."

There is no sight which overwhelms man with such a feeling of horror and utter helplessness as that of a sinking ship. One moment afloat, a triumph of man's daring and thought, the next plunging to the depth of the sea, a death-trap to all on board.

The terrible swiftness of the tragedy upon the short, fierce, and exciting combat had left the spectators on the Irene almost stupefied. They gazed at the tossing waters with startled eyes, and when they withdrew their gaze, and would look at each other, there came between them the vision of falling spars, of people precipitated headlong into the sea, and of a great ship rolling over on them.

They put about, steamed slowly over the waste of waters, where floated a litter of wreckage, and rescued half-a-dozen Brazilian sailors. Of Captain Pardoe or any of his gallant band there was no trace, and the Irene moved up and down among the wreckage, while those on board searched in vain for a familiar form.

Then Lieutenant Webster steered for the East.

The venture was over. The Irene, battered as she was, could not dare to risk another meeting with a cruiser, and so, sick at heart and indifferent, Webster accepted Hume's advice and steamed away from Brazil.

As for Miss Anstrade, she went, feeling her way like one blinded, to the cabin that had been prepared for her, and there sat white and silent, while her dark eyes, glaring with an unnatural light, moved restlessly from object to object. In the afternoon she rushed on deck in a raging fever, and calling on her brother and Captain Pardoe, would have leapt overboard had not Hume caught her as her hand was on the rigging. They carried her down, struggling pitifully, and in turns the two of them watched through the night by her side, their sorrow tinged with awe and bitterness, because of their helplessness, at the pathetic ravings of a mind in delirium.

Through the next dreary day they continued their vigil, and the sailors, gathering in groups, added to the gloom of the ship by their distressed air and dark forebodings.

Webster took the sun at noon, and, utterly worn out, fell asleep over his reckonings, and so he was found in the afternoon by Hume, who came on deck from a long watch.

"Have I been asleep? There's a heaviness in the air and a strange weight about my eyelids. How is she, Hume?"

"Quiet now; with the captain's boy at the door. Was it a month ago the Swift went down?"

"Only yesterday, Frank. My God, what a difference. The sea is not the same, nor the sky, nor the air we breathe, nor the look of anyone."

"What an old tub this is, and do you note how the men hang about. I feel as though I cannot breathe freely. I have been thinking of your sister; it is a sad end to her waiting."

"Ah, poor Loo," murmured Webster. "Frank I dare not go home with this story, I cannot. She will say I should have taken the risk myself."

"Yet his death was worth living for," Hume moved backward and forward by the chart house, while Webster gloomily looked at his figures. "Webster," he said, earnestly, "do you think there is any hope?"

"For Miss Anstrade? It is terrible that she should have fallen ill—terrible. I could have borne anything almost but that. Without a doctor, without a nurse; left to the bungling of two rough men. It will be worse still when she comes to an understanding of her helplessness."

"You think she will recover? As I watched her this afternoon there came a transparency into her cheek, and the crease between her brows melted, leaving a face of great calm, scarce ruffled by a breath."

"Sorrow kills slowly, Frank. She will overcome this weakness. Do you remember how she stood on the bridge scorning danger when we danced down the river?"

Frank laid his hand gently on the lieutenant's shoulder. "Let us pluck up spirit and face the storm that is in us. I, too, had a spell of despair last night till I thought of Captain Pardoe and Mr. Dickson. Then I was ashamed of myself. What do you think they would say to us if they saw us making no poor a return for their lives?"

"You are right, my lad," said Webster, slowly. "We must remember our duty to them."

"And to our commodore."

"Aye; God bless her!"

"That's right," continued Hume, with assumed cheerfulness. "Now do you make your reckonings, and we will stand away for the nearest port."

"That will be Ascension," said Webster, after a pause.

They arrived at Ascension on a blazing hot day, and dropped anchor in the blue waters of the little bay, enclosed, not like Funchal, in a setting of green, but by an arid shore, with a waste of sands stretching back to a lofty, sun-baked hill, on which glowed one solitary spot of green. There was the Convent of Sisters and thither was Miss Anstrade taken in a slow-moving cart.

Hume and Webster removed to the dirty little town, flanked on the inland side by a series of pits sunk in the sand for the habitation of pigs. Here they arranged for the salvage of the Irene, and the crew shipped home on board a Cape steamer, they themselves remaining till Miss Anstrade was pronounced well enough, when they determined to take her passage on the first homeward-bound passenger boat.

Within the patio of the white-walled convent, where the hot air was cooled by swinging mats and the spray of a fountain, Miss Anstrade, within a week of her arrival, was reclining on a long wicker-work chair, with two young men at her side. She had quickly recovered under the tender hands of the sisters, and was now listening to the plans made for her departure for England. She was dressed in white, with a rich red rose for her only ornament, and a deep pallor in her cheeks from her recent illness, her figure, by contrast with the sunbrowned men at her side, looking altogether slight and delicate.

"I understand you are not returning to England; what, then, if I may ask, are your intentions? You surely do not mean to remain on this cinder?"

"Do you remember," said Hume, bitterly, "that you behave like blackguards, or is it because you know no better?"

"We are not drunk, sir, but it was a stupid business."

"Yes, we are sorry."

"Speak for yourselves" shouted Piet, "and let me deal with these verfondo uitlanders." He laid his heavy hand on Hume's shoulder, and the next instant there was a sound of a heavy fall, and he was standing on his attack, shaking the veranda, while Hume stood with frowning brows and clenched fists.

"By Jove! that was a clean blow," said one of Piet's friends, "and he deserved it."

"Aye, and so do you," said Webster sternly.

The two men flushed then they helped the Dutchman to his feet, and went off with him.

"Frank, shake!"

The two friends shook hands.

"The next time it will be my quarrel. You were too quick for me this time."

"You have to be quick," said Frank, quietly, "when a man like that is about to strike or shoot. Remember that well."

"I did not think you had it in you to strike such a blow. Do you think there'll be more trouble?"

"If we remain here there will, but we must get away to-morrow, and place it between the reach of anyone to annoy Miss Anstrade."

"Aye! her position is trying. Don't you think, Frank, we have made a mistake?"

"We have by all social rules, but surely there can be no harm in friendship."

"Hang convention and social rules! We have just seen the result of them in the behavior of these men, who feel themselves at liberty to be impertinent because she was not the wife or sister of one of us."

"Even out here in this new land we cannot escape the touch of suspicion, and she feels it deeply. Have you noticed?"

"I have marked a change in her manner lately, as though she had just awakened to the difficulties before her. Shall we ask her to go back?"

"No, not now; it is very proud, and if we did so she would be greatly humiliated."

"Well, Frank?"

"I could not bear to lose her."

"Nor could I."

They remained for some time silent, looking at the starry heavens, when Hume spoke again.

"We are friends, you and I. When she is with us day by day in the lonely veld we may both of us grow to love her, and how, then, will our friendship bear the strain of rivalry?"

Webster heart forward with a sigh.

"It is best to face the danger," said Hume, in a low voice.

"I love her already, my lad," and the sailor threw his head up, with a deep flush in his cheeks. "How could I help it?"

Hume drew in his breath and turned his head away.

"I trust you care?" he said, with his face still averted.

"Hume, look at me! Ah! you love her also?"

Hume bowed his head.

"And has your love already darkened your heart to me? Lad, you are wrong. God knows I would let nothing come between you and me, still less because of your love for her; but you are suspicious of me in the extreme."

"And what is that?" asked Hume quickly, suspecting that Webster would offer to draw out.

"Why marry her now. It is your opportunity. She is distressed, and would see in marriage a way out of the difficulty."

Hume's brow cleared; he smiled, and stretched forth his hand.

"No, no," he said, "that would be taking a mean advantage of her. We know each other's secret, and let us forget, treating her as our dearest friend, and beloved by us both when all is done, and she is once more settled, let each do his best to win her."

"That is fair, Frank, but she is not for me and I never meant she was. You will let nothing come between us."

"I will try, Jim; but I hope she will leave her fan behind, for the play of it fires my heart."

"Trust me, I'll burn it. And she goes with us?"

"Of course; for if she does not we will never find the Golden Rock, because then neither you nor I would set out to find it."

The next morning they overhauled their outfit, consisting of a tent waxen, provisions for two months, span of oxen and two Kaffir boys, one to drive, the other to lead and look after the oxen.

While engaged packing the provisions in the bed of the wagon to make a level ground for Miss Anstrade's couch, there was to be no room for Coetzee, the big Dutchman, with two or three companions, lounged up and criticised the preparations.

"Pay no attention," whispered Hume, "they want to pick a quarrel, and we would then be locked up to a certainty."

They went on with their work regardless of the pointed remarks intended for them, and presently Piet and his friends moved off.

"You'll hear from me again," said Piet, shaking his fist.

"Did you notice the little dark fellow, Webster?"

"No; but I took the measurement of that mountain of flesh, and by this and that, I'll put a hitch in his jaw teskie if ever we meet."

"Oh, he's too heavy—the little fellow is more to be feared. Do you remember the lieutenant at Maderia; he was among that group."

"What! Lieutenant Gobe?"

"The same, and I heard this morning that a party of Portuguese had arrived in Pretoria last week on a political mission. They are in favor with the government here, and if that little beggar has recognized us, he may play us a trick."

"Well, then, let us get under way."

"All right; you remain here by the wagon while I go for Miss Anstrade."

Before noon the oxen were inspanned, and the wagon moved off. After a midday halt, when they outspanned, and while they were having their meal under the shade of a canvas awning or "scherm," stretched from the top of the tent, two horsemen rode slowly up.

They were Piet Coetzee and Lieutenant Gobo.

CHAPTER XVI.—ON THE WAY.

As the two horsemen passed over a ridge one of the blacks rose from the fire, stretched himself, and walked off slowly towards the oxen hidden by a cluster of sugar bushes, whose sweet perfume filled the air.

A little folding table was placed under the canvas "scherm," tea was made, and the two men waited for Miss Anstrade to appear from the wagon, whither she had retired to change her gown for a traveling dress. This dress had been on her mind for several days past, in fact ever since they arrived in Capetown, and she had suffered extremely because she had not been able to discuss its shape and design with a qualified critic. The sail, falling over the back of the wagon, was drawn aside a neat boot appeared, then a gaitered leg, and with a laugh and a jump, she stood before them challenging their opinions.

The two men, not knowing in their stupidity what was expected of them, rose stolidly, and made way for her to reach her seat.

"Well," she said, "what do you think of it?"

Hume took a swift look, which embraced short skirts, a neat waist, and then looked away quite startled, as

"Done with you. I say, Coetzee, step up and ask who she is."

"Coetzee daren't do it. Another fiver he does not ask."

"Stuff, man; you should know better than to dare Coetzee after dinner. Eh, Piet?"

"What is it you say?" asked the third of the noisy group—a tall, powerfully built young Dutchman. "She looked at me a minute ago, and if it was not an invitation, I'm mistaken in woman."

"And you know them so well, don't you?" said the first man, with a sneer.

"None better, although the little barmaid did throw him over for five feet ten of starched collar and eyeglass."

"You laugh, you skeppsels, but you know I could take the two of you, one in either hand, and drop you in the street."

"

though a pair of shapely legs were something quite new.

Webster had no such qualms of mistaken modesty. "A very sensible dress," he said, with a broadening smile.

"Sensible, is that all?" and she turned round.

"Yes, sensible, and pretty, of course. It gives you freedom to move, and will keep your skirts from getting wet when the dew is on the grass."

"Will you take a suggestion?" asked Hume.

"Hum," she said, "I presume you wish me to lengthen the dress?"

"Heaven forbid! No; but I think it would be well if you placed a band of leather round the skirt."

"Leather; good gracious, why?"

"To prevent the thorns from ripping the dress into rags. The 'wacht-en-beetje' thorn will be always calling you to 'wait a bit.' Now, come and preside at our first meal in the veld."

When they were half through their meal the boy returned to the fire, sat down with his feet to it, and his hands spread out to keep the heat from his face.

Hume rose and touched him on his shoulder.

"Where have you been?"

The boy shrugged his shoulders, and said, in Dutch, to his companion: "What says the Englishman?"

Hitherto Hume had not spoken in Dutch, and the Kaffirs were off their guard.

"Get up," he said, sternly, and as the boy did not move at once he jerked him to his feet.

"Yoh!" he exclaimed, with a look of astonishment.

"Now walk;" and Frank pointed to a clump of bushes; and the Kaffir, understanding the gesture, sullenly went forward.

"What is it?" asked Webster, coming out of the shelter with Miss Anstrade.

"I thought this a fitting time to teach the lesson which he needs, as he is evidently under the impression that we know nothing."

The whole party continued, the black suspicious and sullen, Miss Anstrade and Webster curious, and Hume with his brows knitted. On reaching the bush the Kaffir stopped and pointed to the oxen, which were grazing contentedly. Hume to the wagon, took in the direction taken by the two horsemen, then rounded the bush, and walked straight across to a point beyond the ring which intercepted the road. There he stopped, and, catching the black by his arm directed his attention to hoof marks in the dust, and the spoor of an in-toed native foot.

"What did you say to the baas?" he asked.

The Kaffir put on an innocent look, covering his mouth with his hand.

"Measure his foot, Jim!"

Webster, who now grasped the situation, lifted the boy's foot, which was small, though broad at the root of the toes, took the measurement, then passed the string over the spoor on the dust.

"It is his. What does it mean?"

"It means that he has some understanding with those two men, and that he left the wagon to meet them here."

"But how did he find out?" asked Miss Anstrade, in surprise.

"I did no' like his manner," said Frank, "and I watched him."

He then sent the boy for the oxen, with orders to bring them in at once, and returned with the others to the wagon to prepare for the next trek, the night trek and the longest, since the oxen worked better than in the heat of the sun.

The wagon driver, Klaas, was still seated at the fire when they got back, and looked at them with a smile which scarcely succeeded in disguising his anxiety.

"Klaas, get ready to inspan."

"Inspan, baas, and the night is near by. Better stay here, baas, till sun up. Plenty water, plenty grass, plenty better say I."

"It will be better for you to do what I tell you. Here come the oxen; now look alive!"

Klaas reached out for a coal, cradled it in the palm of his hand, and then deftly fixed it in the bowl of his long native pipe. He then rose and straightened out the trek tow, the long chain with the short yokes.

The eighteen oxen were driven up and formed in a line on the left when the loops of the rheims were passed over the wide horns, and the couples, in their proper order, pulled over to the other side, when they faced round, each couple to its own yoke. The pole was then fixed on over the necks, the throat-straps being passed round from a "skel" notch to "skel" notch. When all were yoked the oxen were standing on the right, sideways, and at the word "Hambaka—trek," the left ox of each couple had to bear the surging of the chain as it was pulled over his back.

Miss Anstrade watched the scene with great interest, being particularly impressed with the confident way in which the two Kaffirs handled the big horned oxen.

There is a certain charm about wagon traveling at night, and Miss Anstrade, seated later on inside upon some soft Karosses, felt her spirits returning to the place which was to be her bedroom and boudoir for some weeks was not comfortless by any means. Its length was about 15 feet, its breadth across the canvas roof nearly 6 feet, and the length from the level of the bedding about 4 feet 6 inches. From one of the laths there was suspended a lamp; on one side there were a number of pockets for toilet nesessaries, etc.; and on the other a battery of three guns was lashed to the rafters. At the head of the tent the opening was closed by a heavy canvas flap, buttoned down, and kept in place at the bottom by the driver's box, and at the end there was another flap, which could be rolled up at will.

Hume and Webster were seated at the back, with their feet dangling.

"What do you think was the object of those men," asked Webster, "in speaking to our boy?"

"That is what puzzles me. They may be merely curious about our venture, especially as our presence here would be inexplicable to Lieutenant Gobo, who for all he saw in the bush could be bound for Brazil, or they may suspect that we are in search of gold, as prospecting parties are continually setting out. Anyway, I do not anticipate trouble from them."

"You are mistaken," said Miss Anstrade, slowly; "the men of the South do not forget an insult, and you deeply wounded the vanity of the little man at Matjesfontein. He may be sure he has the will to injure you, and if the opportunity is provided he will do so. Why not make the servants confess?"

"At the proper time," said Frank, who, since the journey had commenced, unconsciously adopted an air of authority. "At present they have a contempt for us, and may betray themselves out of carelessness, if, of course, there is any friendship between them and our friends. And how do you like this slow mode of traveling?"

"I like it well; there is a restfulness in the slow swing of the wagon, and in the stillness of the night that soothes one. Will the journey be like this all the way?"

"Ah, no, we are in the beaten track now, in a quiet country. The dangers and the difficulties lie beyond the range of the ordinary traveller when we enter the wilderness:

Away—away in the wilderness vast,
Where the white man's foot has never past.

Then the loneliness of the slowly passing days and the brooding silence of the night, broken only by the sudden clamour of wild beasts, will try your patience and fill you with regrets that you should have ventured away from the crowded cities."

"Sometimes there is pleasure in melancholy, and the wilderness has no terrors for me, no more than it has for the stricken deer that seeks the deepest solitudes."

Silas took out her violin and played while the men smoked, and the two Kaffirs, letting the oxen keep on in their way undirected, fell behind, drinking in the music with delight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Told by Fitz Lee.

Fitzhugh Lee doesn't mind telling a story even if it is on him. At the close of the war he was at the head of the cavalry, and these were much envied by the infantrymen, who had to walk through the dust and mud. After Gen. Robert E. Lee had surrendered Gen. Fitzhugh Lee rode away from Appomattox. While riding through a lane he met an old North Carolina soldier.

"Ho, there!" cried Gen. Lee, "where are you going?"

"I've been off on a furlough, and am now going back to join Gen. Bob Lee," replied the old soldier.

"You needn't go back, but can throw your gun away and return home, for Lee's surrendered."

"Lee's surrendered?"

"That's what I said," said Gen. Lee.

"It must have been that d—mned Fitz Lee, then. Bob Lee would never surrender," and the soldier put on a look of contempt and walked on.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Nye's Practical Joke.

Bill Nye has been known to play a practical joke on a friend. When Lieut. Greely started on his expedition to the North Pole, Nye gave him a sealed box that was not to be opened until he had reached his fartherest point north. It contained axle grease for the pole.—Washington Star.

An Inadvertence.

Nelson—Well, I'm the luckiest chap in the world.

Stanley—How so?

Nelson—It appears that Madge broke with me about the same time she did with Jack Boodles and now she's sent me back his presents instead of my own.—Philadelphia Call.

—If you desire a luxurious growth of healthy hair of a natural color, nature's crowning ornament of both sexes, use only Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on The Blade Book Table.

The Story of a Canon, by Beveridge Hill, is one of those stories in which so much is conveyed that a short review cannot do it in any way justice. It is a story of mining life in that part of the Rocky Mountains that lie in Colorado. The small village in which the scene is laid lies upon the mountain side and has the somewhat incongruous name of Hopetown. The interest centers around one family, a miner, whose name is Howard, his wife and his children. Their home is called Rest-a-while, and is an old-fashioned two-story brick house perched upon a rocky plateau, a little back from a mountain road which winds through a picturesque canon. The description of this home is exceedingly fine and spirited, bringing before the reader the magnificent scenery of rugged mountains in all of their "changeless majesty and silence." Hopetown was founded by a few enterprising men who had been swept westward on a tide of emigration and perceived the possibilities of the future in this canon.

D. Appleton & Co., New York City, publish Master and Man, by Count Leo Tolstoi, one of those books which means so much more than the mere outline of the story conveys. In this one a rich merchant starts with his servant Nikita on a sledge to make a purchase of a portion of Gorlachinsky Wood, when they are overtaken by a blinding snowstorm and lose their way. The next day, when they are discovered, the merchant is found frozen to death lying upon the body of Nikita, around whom is wrapped the rich man's fur coat, showing that in the presence of possible death the selfish taskmaster, which he is described as being, came to a realization of what the principle of true brotherhood means in loving practice. It is a beautiful story, and has been finely translated by A. Hulme Beaman.

Song Blossoms, by Julia Anna Woolcott, is a collection of poems which are full of the spirit of true spiritual thought. They are simple, heartfelt songs that will assuredly find their way into the hearts of the people. This little volume was brought out by The Arena Publishing Co., of Boston.

One Woman's Story, or The Chronicles of a Quiet Life as Told in Dorothea's Diary, by Ellen A. Lutz, a Toledo writer, is the history of a life told in a diary beginning in a young girlhood. The language is chaste and simple and there is the fascination of a warm, loving nature which overcomes after many struggles and wins an abiding peace. The plot is not a startling one, either, in conception or development, but one reads the story with the feeling that it is truth, the record of a real life. It is pulished by Cranston & Curtis, of Cincinnati.

The Gods, Some Mortals and Lord Wickenham is a story by John Oliver Hobbes, the author of Some Emotions and a Moral, which is published by D. Appleton & Co., New York City. This is a morbid sort of story written with considerable force, but not one calculated to do the reader good in any sense.

Oriole's Daughter, by Jessie Fothergill, the author of The First Violin, which won for her a large degree of popularity, has the freshness of treatment and of unhackneyed incident which characterized the first novel from her pen. The scene of this story is first Rome, changing afterwards to England. The hero is a broken Italian gentleman who is neither young nor heroic but the reader cannot prevent feeling deep interest in his most unsuccessful career. All of the characters are well drawn, and while the general tenor of the work is sadness, it is not out of proportion with life. The book is published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., of New York city.

A Little Sister to the Wilderness, by Lilian Bell, is published in dainty form by Stone & Kimball, of Chicago. Her story is full of life and character, the scene being laid in the bottom lands of the West which is an unvisited field, and her actors in the drama these people of which the people of the East know but little.

On the Origin of Language and The Lagos Theory, by Ludwig Noire, is published by The Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago, in the Religion of Science Library. This little book opens with a short sketch of different theories that have been framed regarding the beginnings of human speech such as Herder, Max Muller, Geiges and others, which the author follows with his own thought deduced from his observation, which he calls The Lagos Theory.

The Way Out, by Moses Samelson, is published by The Irving Company, New York city. It is further described upon the title page as Exemplified Philosophy, and is an attempt to give a method to ameliorate the general conditions of the people through lifting them upon a higher moral plane.

The Judgment Books, by F. F. Benson, the author of the much talked of Dodo, is a weird sort of story which is full of a certain fascination that carries the reader almost breathlessly through to the last chapter. Harper & Brothers, New York City.

Stories of Columbia, by Will H. Glascock, is published by D. Appleton & Company, New York city. It is a story of the discovery, trials, triumph and progress of Columbia told in a pleasant way for young and loyal readers. It has many good illustrations which add to the value of the book and to the enjoyment of the boys and girls who will learn of their country through these pages.

A new edition of Thomas Hardy's "Far from the Madding Crowd" has been issued, with a preface by the author, in which he comments upon the unexpected way in which his fictitious district of Wessex has been adopted into modern English geography. The book is embellished with an etching by H. Macbeth-Raeburn and a map of Wessex. The village of Weatherbury, where the scene of the story is laid, the author tells us, is a real village, but so disturbed by the march of improvement that it bears little resemblance to the village of the book. Only the church remains intact, and of that there is an excellent sepia etching which serves as a frontispiece. Harper & Brothers are the publishers.

The Care of the Baby is a manual for mothers and nurses, by Dr. J. P. Crozer. It contains practical directions for the management of infancy and childhood in health and disease given in clear and explicit language which cannot be mistaken. A very excellent and most useful chapter is one in which the diseases of babies and their symptoms are described with their treatment, for the benefit of mothers who may be unable to readily reach a physician within a moment's call. It is published by W. B. Saunders, 925 Walnut street, Philadelphia.

The United States Book Company, 310 Sixth avenue, New York city, publishes in a pretty volume John Ford, His Faults and Follies and What Came of Them and His Helpmate, by Frank Barrett, the author of A Recalling Vengeance, etc. The story is told in the first person which always gives it an air of reality.

European and American Cuisine, by Gesine Lemcke, is published by D. Appleton & Company, New York city. It is a well printed and strongly bound volume containing a large array of excellent recipes that have been tested and not found wanting. It will add another to the books which housekeepers treasure for use in the culinary department.

The Story of Fort Frayne, by Capt. Charles King, is, the author says, the result of his collaboration with two others in the preparation of an army play. This was done, but before it could be given to the public the manuscript story of the play mysteriously disappeared entirely. Then came the suggestion that it should be re-written and published as a story which Captain King now gives in this form. It bears the marks of his gifted handiwork which always gives a fascination to his army stories. F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago, is the publisher.

Question Bureau.

RULES.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Paper Money.

B. S. B., Centreville, S. D., writes: "In your issue of June 13, you state that in 1781 continental money ceased to circulate. Now I wish to know if in your opinion the value of paper money depends on the stability of the government or on the amount of coin kept to redeem it, if it be redeemable in coin?"

A bank note or a Treasury note is of just the same nature as the note of a person. If you sell A something, and he offers his note in payment, what are the reasons that will induce you to take it, or make you refuse? Is it the amount of actual money A has in his pocket, or his ability to pay—his possession of property?

Evidently, if he be a man of means, you will not hesitate to take his note, for you know he is able to pay it.

The currency of bank notes depends primarily on the ability of the bank to meet its volume of circulating notes on demand. The currency of paper money issued by the government depends on both the ability and power of the government to meet the total issue on demand. There must be a reserve in coin to meet any immediate demand, for the government's sole sources of revenue is from the various kinds of taxation. While it is altogether certain that the United States government is able to pay all the greenbacks and Treasury notes of 1890 in coin, if time enough were given to raise that amount, yet if, through a financial panic, there should be a heavy run on the Treasury for the redemption of these notes, it is certain that, as soon as the coin in the Treasury were all paid out, these notes would depreciate. It is not only necessary that the bank or the government shall be able to pay, but that payment shall be on demand.

One word more, concerning your last sentence: All such notes are necessarily redeemable in coin. You can not "redeem" a promise to pay by giving another promise to pay.

Mrs. Wilson Shannon.

T. V. D., Utica, O., has our thanks for the following reply. Several others have sent similar ones.

"Some weeks ago a correspondent of The Blade wished to know the maiden name of Mrs. Governor Shannon. As she was a personal friend of my mother, after her marriage, I can tell you. Mrs. Governor Shannon's maiden name was Osborn; her father lived and died near Uhrichsville, O., and his name is believed to hame been Samuel."

The Abbreviation "q. v."

A. M. P., Bonsecure, Ala., writes: "Please let me know, in Question Bureau, what the two letters 'q. v.' stand for."

The letters "q. v." are an abbreviation of either "quod vide," a Latin phrase which means "which see," or of "quautum vis," which means "as much as you will." As used in Chambers's Encyclopedia, they mean the former. You will find them used after the name of some topic treated of elsewhere in the work, and they mean you are to refer to that topic for further information. This is to avoid printing the same thing more than once in the work.

Legal Tender and Redemption.

J. A., Galva, Iowa, asks: "Is silver legal tender for all debts for an unlimited amount? Is all our money redeemable in gold? If so, how long has it been so?"

We have answered these so often lately that we are getting weary of the repetition. The standard silver dollar is a full legal tender, in any sum whatever, for all debts, public and private, and has been so ever since 1878.

The greenbacks are redeemable in gold; the Treasury notes of 1890 state on their face that they are redeemable in "coin"—which means either gold or silver—but the Treasury officials always redeem in gold when so required. The silver certificates are of course redeemable in silver, because they represent silver dollars held in the Treasury for this purpose. National bank notes are redeemable in gold, silver or greenbacks.

What "Free Coinage" Means.

C. E. W., Sheldon, Minn., asks: "Will you please give the meaning of the term 'free coinage of silver,' as there are a good many here who do not understand just what is meant by it?"

By "free coinage of silver" is meant that any one having silver bullion may have the privilege of taking it to the mint and have it coined into standard silver dollars, without expense. It also involves the further idea that these dollars shall be a full legal tender, in any amount, for all debts, public or private, the same as they now are.

The Cleveland Family.

O. B., Toledo, O., asks: "Where and when were each of President Cleveland's children born? When was the same President married?"

President Cleveland was married to Miss Frances Folsom in the White House, Washington, on June 2, 1886.

Ruth Cleveland, their oldest daughter, was born October 3, 1891, at her parents' residence, Madison avenue, New York city.

Esther, the second daughter, was born September 9, 1893, at the White House, Washington.

The third daughter, yet unnamed, was born July 7, 1895, at the President's summer home, "Gray Gables," Buzzard's Bay.

Esther is the only child of a President ever born in the White House.

Jackson's "Specie Circular."

W. B. H., Crystal, Mich., writes: "Please give some account of President Jackson's famous specie circular. What its object and what effect upon the affairs of the country?"

At the time of the issuing of the land office at Sarnia, Mich., nothing but specie was taken for the public lands. It caused some inconvenience to those who wished to invest several thousand dollars in land."

Between 1830 and 1836 prosperity largely increased in the United States. Considerable artificial stimulus was afforded by the deposit of government funds in the state banks. The sales of government lands in 1830 yielded $2,329,356; in 1836, $24,877,179. New banks, with but little capital, sprung up everywhere and their circulating notes were rapidly absorbed. On July 11, 1836, the secretary of the treasury, under Jackson, issued a circular ordering government agents to receive only gold or silver in payment of land sales. This is known as the "Specie Circular." As a result the use of bank notes diminished. The issues were presented for redemption with the result of a general suspension of specie payments in May, 1837.

Who Can Tell?

G., Vermillion, who is so careless as not to give his full address, as he should, writes: "I have two barometers, one a mercurial and one an aneroid. On moving from my farm to this place, they have been disturbed in some way. I wish to know if the mercury in one, and the spring screen in the other, have been disturbed, as they do not work right at this time. Will and of your readers inform me how to remedy this matter? No one about here knows anything about barometers, hence my inquiry. If any of your readers can or will inform me how to regulate the instruments, I will take it as a favor."

If any one will do so, we will publish in the Bureau.

The Myth of Lilith.

H. H. H., Holt, Mo., asks: "Did Adam have two wives? And, who is Lilith, seuler of in the Bible?"

Lilith is not mentioned in the Bible. No such individual ever existed. So far as any one nows, Adam had but one wife. But among the vast mass of foolish legend among the Jews was one that Adam had a wife named Lilis, or Lilith, before he married Eve—which is clearly disproved by Genesis ii, 18. It was said that in revenge for his desertion of her, Lilith was believed to lurk near homes, in order to kill infant children. As a charm against her, mothers would suspend an amulet around a child's neck, on which was inscribed the words, "Lilla, ab!" meaning "Bebone, Lilith!" It is said our English word "lullaby" comes from this phrase.

The Letter X.

J. C., Annapolis, Ill., asks: "How many words are there in the English language that commence with X?"

The largest dictionary at hand gives about 200 words beginning with X, the most of which are scientific terms. Look in any dictionary.

Lewes and "George Eliot."

Old Subscriber, Westwater, Utah: The story of the relations of George Henry Lewes and Marian Evans ("George Eliot"), we understand to be as follows: Mr. Lewes's wife became chronically insane, and was an inmate of an asylum until her death. The English law does not allow a divorce for incurable insanity, Mr. Lewes and Miss Evans assumed the relation of husband and wife, of course without any ceremony, and so continued until death separated them.

Tin Plate Mills.

D. S. B. and T. J. H., Ft. Collins, Col.: We cannot make the space to give you the names of all the tin plate mills in the United States. You can get them, however, by sending to the publishers of the Metal Worker, 95 to 101 Reade street, New York city for a copy of their issue for the week ending July 6. It has a complete list, which shows that there are now in actual operation in the United States thirty-five tin plate works proper, rolling their own black plates with seven more works in course of erection. In addition there are thirty tin plate dipping works, without rolling mills. The concerns now actually employed have an estimated yearly capacity of 4,110,000 boxes of finished tin plates. Th samount will be increased to 5,500,000 boxes before the close of the year, when the additional works now in the course of construction are ready for operation. The annual consumption of tin plates in the United States is about 7,000,000 boxes, of which, however, some 1,500,000 boxes represent material exported under rebate of duty and that consumed on the Pacific coast, which trade is not yet available to the home makers.

The Present Tariff.

T. J. H., and D. S. B., Ft. Collins, Col., ask: "Please state how the present tariff discriminates against the farmers of the United States and the general interests of the country."

You will find a full editorial article on The New Tariff Against the Farmers in Weekly Blade of June 27, fourth page, fourth column. It would take columns of writing to cover the ground of your question, but we must be satisfied with a mere summary: The effect of the new tariff law is to greatly stimulate imports of all kinds on which the duty is lowered. This is because these articles can be produced, or grown, or manufactured cheaper abroad than here. It does not increase our export trade, of course. Hence we buy more abroad and less at home, while our farmers and planters and manufacturers find no greater demand abroad than before for their products.

Rare Coins.

X. Y. Z., Milan, Ind.: There is no premium on the silver half dollar of 1830 we have no means of knowing the value of old foreign coins.

C. D. M., Dunnville, Ky.: The coin of which you send a rubbing is Swiss. The obverse says "Confoederia Helvetica," which means the Helvetian Confederation. It appears to be a 5 centime piece, though we are not sure. If so, its face value is 9 1-2 mills, a little less than a cent.

Miscellaneous.

C. L. H., McKinley, Tenn.: We do not know.

E. T. M., Rich Hill, Mo.: Your letter was handed to Miss Bouton. Cooking recipes belong in the Household, not here.

E. V. D., Parkersburg, W. Va.: Your query about the pear tree worm was handed the editor of the Farmstead, where it belongs.

G. T. J., Oakwood, Ill.: Your question about wild sweet potato vines was handed the editor of the Farmstead, in which department it belongs.

A. H. A., Huntington, Ind.: John the Baptist founded no church, and there is no sect now existing which can truthfully trace itself back to him.

C. G. B., Niles, Ill.: Paris green is arsenite of copper—that is a combination of arsenious acid and copper. We cannot furnish the details of manufacture, nor can we say why the price is higher now than last year.

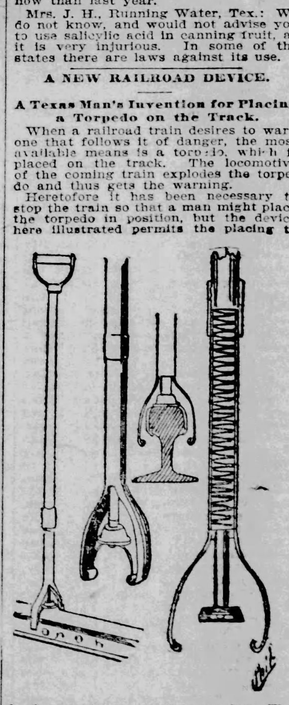
Mrs. J. H., Running Water, Tex.: We do not know, and would not advise you to use salicylic acid in canning fruit, as it is very injurious. In some of the states there are laws against its use.

A NEW RAILROAD DEVICE.

A Texas Man's Invention for Placing a Torpedo on the Track.

When a railroad train desires to warn one that follows it of danger, the most available means is a torpedo, which is placed on the track. The locomotive of the coming train explodes the torpedo and thus gets the warning.

Heretofore it has been necessary to stop the train so that a man might place the torpedo in position, but the device here illustrated permits the placing to



be done while the train is moving. The torpedo is suitably held in the tubular end of a long handle, where it is connected with a detachable spring. This spring is shaped so as to embrace the head of the rail when it has been detached, thus holding the torpedo firmly in place.

The operator grasps the handle and carries it in position to hold the torpedo-supporting spring over the head of the rail. By a quick downward pressure the handle is disengaged from the spring, which instantly contracts and embraces the rail-head. All this is done while the train is in motion.

A man in San Antonio, Texas, has patented the device, the description of which is taken from the Scientific American.

Victoria Morosini.

I was asked yesterday what had become of Victoria Morosini. Why in the world should I know? I supposed the world had forgotten the poor girl who married her father's coachman, Hulskamp, and were disinherited by the banker who made candles on Staten Island with Garibaldi. I did hear a little while ago that Victoria and her husband had separated for good and that she was under the care of her father, who had once more taken her to his heart. As for Hulskamp, he was in Canada at last accounts. Hulskamp is quite as good as some other people, the only difference being one of money. Hulskamp never had a Jay Gould to take him up and make him a millionaire. In my mind's eye I can see Victoria now on the stage of the old Thalia Theater, being led out to bow to the rounds of thunderous applause that greeted her when she appeared there at a Sunday night concert soon after her marriage. She wore a black brocaded silk, with a bunch of red roses at her waist, long buff kids, which met her sleeves at the elbow, diamond ear-rings and ever so little color in her cheeks. It was raining hard outside, and a few drops fell through the ventilator directly over the middle of the auditorium, and a big fat man raised an umbrella to save his bald head, which set the gallery gods wild with indignation.—New York Press.

A Convenient Clock.

Beez—Why is it the clock never strikes more than twelve?

Meez—Because it hasn't the face to do such a thing.—Iota.

There Is Merit

In Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was in bad condition with Sour Stomach, Heart

John R. Lochary, Roxbury, Ohio.

Palpitation, Hot Flashes. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am as well as ever. I give Hood's Sarsaparilla all the credit. I took no other medicine. JOHN R. LOCHARY, Roxbury, Ohio. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are taking the lead. 25c.

CANNON ON A WHEEL.

HOW THE BICYCLE MAY BECOME AN ENGINE OF DESTRUCTION.

It Can be Used for Artillery—New and Effective Methods.

Fanciful writers have frequently given descriptions of imaginary battles in the next century, in which the contending armies were mounted on bicycles instead of horses, says a writer in the New York World. More than one of the scientific romances of Jules Verne have been realized, and it is well known that the military leaders of Europe and America are studying the utility of the bicycle in warfare, while the adaptability of the wheel for courier service under certain conditions has been proved.

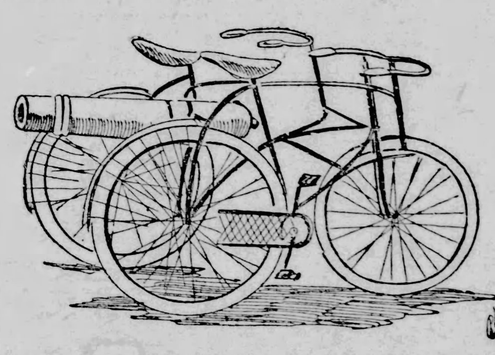
A bicycle troop has been organized in Brooklyn, and it is but a question of a short time before the suburban police of all our cities will be mounted upon the silent steel steed. It was given, however, to the thousands of people who viewed the monster bicycle parade on the ocean boulevard recently to witness the first appearance of a bicycle cannon, the first of a pack of flying light artillery, and for which an application for a patent has been made.

The vehicle was a twin cycle, in appearance much like a tricycle, and known as a duplex. It is especially light and strong. The cannon, a steel rifled affair thirty-four inches in length, eight inches at the butt and four at the muzzle, and weighing about fifty pounds, is swung between the two rear wheels, resting upon the connecting axle, and is further supported from above. An ingenious mechanism permits of the piece of ordnance being raised or deflected to any angle.

The caisson containing the ammunition is carried on another duplex. Four artillerymen equip a battery. They are at once gun crew and motive power. Two men on the seats can propel the machines with their heavy loads at a faster gait than horses have ever shown in similar service. The work of wheeling the gun into position is the work of an instant.

It was not intended to make a public exhibition of this new up-to-date engine of war until the proposed international bicycle exhibition of next January, when a full park of six pieces of artillery will be shown. On that occasion the cycler will be shown on carriages for rapid-firing machine guns, which are lighter than the rifled piece that was carried yesterday, and much more likely to prove of practical use.

The inventor, who is a born Yankee and foreman of a big bicycle plant, has also secured for his company letters patent upon a device by which the bicycle, both single and tandem, is combined with the rapid-firing gun magazine guns now occupying such an important position in the military equipment of the nations. The gun



is to be mounted upon the handle-bar the rider thus steering the vehicle and directing a shower of missiles at the same time. A simple switch brought into action at the required moment connects the gun with the machinery of the rear wheel, by means of which the weapon is discharged and continues to rain death so long as the wheels are kept in motion, or the switch thrown back and the firing machinery disconnected. A bullet-proof shield or armor protects the rider and gunner. A charge of bicycles equipped with automatic magazine guns would work dreadful carnage upon a mob.

The same man, who seems full of ideas for the military use of the bicycle, has invented still another device, or an adjunct to the field hospital service. Four well-trained wheelmen work together. Compactly rolled up and carried on one of the wheels is a canvas litter or stretcher. When needed to carry off the field a wounded comrade, the litter is unrolled and stretched into position by means of telescopic side and end fenders. The bicycles are arrayed, two on either side of the litter, and then an ambulance on pneumatic tires is formed, that can be sped rapidly to the hospital.

The first bicycle cannon ever built was discharged at regular intervals during the parade yesterday, and was the most discussed feature of the event. The cannon will salute the Harlem river naval parade from the bicycle company's dock, at One Hundred and Eighteenth street, to-morrow.

—You cannot be well unless your blood is pure. Therefore purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER."

How the Famous Song Came to be Written.

There is little in the history of all literature more interesting than the narrative of the circumstances under which "The Star Spangled Banner" was written, says the Cincinnati South West. Often after the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Francis Scott Key himself, with great animation, described his feelings that memorable night, and how he wrote that song. His heart was sick with anxiety.

He commenced the verses on the deck, in the fervor of the moment, in the dim light of the September morning when he saw the British soldiers hastening to their ships, and when he caught a glimpse of the flag which he had watched for so anxiously from the first faint gleam of dawn. He had a letter in his pocket, and upon the back of this he jotted down the opening lines and some brief memoranda of the currrent of his thoughts. He relied also a good deal upon his memory.

In the small boat which conveyed him to shore he completed the poem, and on his arrival he wrote it out as it now stands, at the hotel at which he stopped in Baltimore. Next morning he showed the verses to Judge Nicholson, who was greatly pleased with them, and took them at once to the office of the Baltimore American, and had them printed for general circulation.

The poem was set up by Samuel Sands, an apprentice in the Baltimore American office, who up to a few years ago was still living in Baltimore county at a venerable age, but in fairly good health, with mind and memory clear, for many years having taken great interest in the peaceful pursuit or agriculture.

It Looked That Way.

"Spillam's bill came back to-day," said the bookkeeper.

"What did he have to say?" asked the merchant.

"He didn't have anything to say. It was his widow who did the saying. She writes: 'Don't you think that in sending a bill to a man who has been buried three months, you are rather running it into the ground?'"—Indianapolis Journal.

Just What He Wanted.

Steamship Clerk—"Do you want a saloon passage?"

Col. Winterblossom (from Kentucky)—"Well, I should say I did. You didn't suppose I would go by any other way, did you?"—Detroit Free Press.

Not at All the Thing.

Madge—I shall send this bicycle costume straight back to the dressmaker and tell her that I won't pay her a cent for it.

Maude—What's the matter with it?

Madge—Why, the thing's positively well made and attractive.—Chicago Record.

YOUNG LADIES' TROUBLE.

FACTS MADE KNOWN TO FRIENDS

Lady Stenographers, Typewriters, and all Working Girls Interested.

[SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.]

This class of women are more or less afflicted with illness brought on by constant application in one position. Therefore all will be interested in the candid expression of this bright young lady of Denver, Col., who writes Mrs. Pinkham as follows:—

"This is the first opportunity I have found to write and thank you for the good your Compound has done me. I feel better than I have for years. It seems a seven days' wonder to my friends. Where I used to be pitied, everything is the opposite, and there is not a day but what some one wants to know what I have done to work such a wonder.

"Before taking the Compound I had constant headaches; was constipated; bloated; eyes weak, with watery whites; bearing down pains; pains in the small of my back and right side; took cold very easily, which always caused intense pain in ovaries. I did not want to go anywhere or see any one.

"I was called cross, but I could not help it, feeling as I did. I could not lift anything or do any hard work without suffering for days afterward. Menstruation lasted from eight to ten days, the first two or three days being in almost constant pain, day and night.

"*Lydia E. Pinkham's* Vegetable Compound has made a new girl of me; am now well, happy, and strong." Yours truly, A STENOGRAPHER, Denver, Col.

THE FALSE JEANNE D'ARC.

One of the Most Successful Pretenders of Mediæval Times.

In the long array of historic impostors the foremost place is the due of the False Pucelle. That False Pucelles should arise, indeed, was not strange; rather it would have been strange had they not arisen. Through the Middle Ages the common policy of secretly murdering political prisoners was always dogged by the Nemesis of pretenders. When one was put down another arose. These shadows played their parts with varying success, but not one of them had so hard a part to play, not one of them played it with such spirit and unparalleled success, as the False Pucelle.

Let us consider the difficulties which attended her enterprise. She was obliged to represent a character unique in the history of the world, a maiden warrior, whose face, whose ways and "noble manners" were intimately familiar to her kinsfolk, to the court, to the army, to the companies, to the clergy and to many of the cities of France. She had to decelve or make accomplices of the brothers, and probably of the cousins, of Jeanne d'Arc, says a writer in the Nineteenth Century." Now, if the brothers may have had something to gain by the resurrection of their sister, the cousins gained nothing, but were at the expense of "much good cheer."

Again, this shadow was obliged to beguile the whole town of Orleans, where Jeanne d'Arc was intimately well known to everybody above the age of twelve. The impostor was welcomed by gentlemen who had seen the true maid at the coronation in Rheims. Finally she rode "bout to boot" beside the Marechal de Rais, as Jeanne d'Arc had often ridden six years before!

For this impostor, unlike Perkin Warbeck, enjoyed no advantage from long lapse of time and confusion of memories. The Maid's brother had charged beside her at Compiegne in 1430; the town of Orleans had entertained the Maid in 1430, yet both the city and the brothers accepted the shadow in 1436! The burning of the true Maid had been witnessed by tens of thousands of people on May 30, 1431; nevertheless the autumn of 1436 saw the false Maid accepted by the very people who knew the true Maid best. Mysterious in her origin, the False Pucelle evades us in her decline. We lose sight of her forever in 1457. It is only certain that all domestic and official belief in her must have expired with the reversal of the judgment of the court of Rouen, by the Inquisition, in the previous year.

On May 20, 1436, la Pucelle Jeanne arrived at La Grange aux Ormes, near St. Privay. Thence she was taken to see some noblemen at Metz. "Ce fut ce faisoit appeler Claude." That same day came two of the maid's brothers, Pierre du Lys, a knight, and Petit Jehan, an esquire. They thought that their sister had been burned, but, so soon as they saw this woman they recognized her, as she did them. Presents of arms, horses and jewels were conferred on this False Pucelle, who passed into Luxembourg, where she was entertained at Arlon by Madame de Luxembourg—Elizabeth of Gorlitz. Thence the Count de Warnonbourg (Wurtemberg) led her to Cologne; he loved her much and gave her a very fair cuirass. (Some of the gentlemen who welcomed this false Maid had seen Jeanne d'Arc at Rheims, says M. Lecoy de la Marche.) From Cologne she returned to Arlon, and met the knight Robert des Armoises or des Hermoises. The bride and bridegroom retired to Metz, "and lived as long as they pleased in Robert's house before the church of Saincte Segoleine."

Back to Her First Love.

I see that "Eessie" Bisland is writing again. Though married and rich beyond her dreams when she was a struggling newspaper woman, or girl, she cannot shake off the old love of writing. I remember those days when she first came to work from New Orleans, and kept house in Fourth avenue with her sister, with a fat old Southern mammy as general factotum. I think the doors of the flat had to be widened so that "Aunt Sally" might squeeze through without taking away the jambs. Miss Bisland was at that time a beautiful as well as a cultured woman. I have not seen her since she was married. One of her sweetest stories was an imaginary courtship of Shakespeare. It contained about 5,000 words, and had only a private circulation among her intimate friends. She said that in the original it was regarded by some of her quiet friends as rather odd, and in deference to their wishes she cut out what she considered the most interesting situations. I wonder what has become of that little story?—New York Press.

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Tree Dying.

H. B., Missouri: If the drouth has injured your tree to the extent that it is losing its vitality it will help it to cut the top back to the healthy part. The place where the limb is cut may be covered with tallow, beeswax and rosin equal parts bound over with any old cloth. The ground for at least six feet from the tree should be loosened up and a good coat of well rotted barnyard manure, in which there is a good sprinkling of potash, spread broadcast on the ground. The roots within two feet of the tree will need but little of the application. If the ground is lacking in moisture to get the tree started into renewed life give the ground a heavy wetting that will penetrate to the roots. This is not a good time of the year to cut limbs from a tree, but by following the above advice no harm will result. The tree should have what vitality there is in it well concentrated. In cases where the sun has injured one side of the tree the affected parts are very slow to recover, and sometimes no treatment will prevent the tree from dying. Young trees are subject to sun-scald if not properly protected.

Horse Cut on Knee.

F. M. C., Indiana: You should not apply turpentine to knee of your horse until the inflammation is all removed. Apply hot water fomentations for three or four hours. Then dip a muslin bandage in cold vingar and salt a handful of the latter to a quart of vinegar and wrap over the swollen part. Keep this wet and keep it on for several hours. When you get the inflammation out apply this to cause the cut to heal properly: Chloride of zinc, 1 drachm; water, 1 pint. You should be certain that no dust, particles of sand or other foreign substance is in the cut. If there is the cut will not heal properly. There may have been injury to the tendon. If so, the horse should have a rest for at least two weeks.

Raised 217 Bushels to the Acre.

Talmage's Sermon.

SIN AGAINST THE HOLY GHOST CANNOT BE FORGIVEN.

And There Are Other Sins for Which There is No Pardon.

Special Telegram to The Blade.

Lakeside, July 15.—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached Sunday morning to a very large audience at the assembly grounds. For his sermon he chose a subject which has been a fruitful theme of theological disputation for centuries past, viz: "The Unpardonable Sin." The texts selected were: "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men; but the blasphemy against the Holy Ghost shall not be forgiven unto men. And whosoever speaketh a word against the Son of man, it shall be forgiven him; but whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world, neither in the world to come." Matthew xxii. 31-32.

"He found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears." Heb. xii. 17.

As sometimes you gather the whole family around the evening stand to hear some book read, so now we gather—a great Christian family group—to study this text; and now may one and the same lamp cast its glow on all the circle.

You see from the first passage that I read that there is a sin against the Holy Ghost for which a man is never pardoned. Once having committed it, he is bound hand and foot for the dungeon of despair. Sermons may be preached to him, songs may be sung to him, prayers may be offered in his behalf; but all to no purpose. He is a captive for this world, and a captive for the world that is to come. Do you suppose that there is any one here who has committed that sin? All sins are against the Holy Ghost; but my text speaks of one especially. It is very clear to my own mind that the sin against the Holy Ghost was the ascribing of the works of the spirit to the agency of the devil in the time of the apostles. Indeed, the Bible distinctly tells us that. In other words, if a man had sight given to him, or if another was raised from the dead, and some one standing there should say, "This man got his sight by satanic power; the Holy Spirit did not do this; Beelzebub accomplished it;" or, "This man raised from the dead was raised by satanic influence," the man who said that dropped down under the curse of the text, and had committed the fatal sin against the Holy Ghost.

Now, I do not think it is possible in this day to commit that sin. I think it was possible only in apostolic times. But it is a very terrible thing ever to say anything against the Holy Ghost, and it is a marked fact that our race has been marvelously kept back from that sin. Why, you hear a man swear by the name of the eternal God, and by the name of Jesus Christ, but you never hear a man swear by the name of the Holy Ghost. There are those here to-day who fear they are guilty of the unpardonable sin. Have you such anxiety? Then I have to tell you positively that you have not committed that sin, because the very anxiety is a result of the movement of the gracious spirit, and your anxiety is positive, as certainly as anything that can be demonstrated in mathematics, that you have not committed the sin that I have been speaking of. I can look off upon this audience and feel that there is salvation for all. It is not like when they put out with those lifeboats from the Loch Earn for the Ville du Tayre. They knew there was not room for all the passengers, but they were going to do as well as they could. But to-day we man the lifeboat of the Gospel, and we cry out over the sea, "Room for all!" Oh that the Lord Jesus Christ would, this hour, bring you all out of the flood of sin, and plant you on the deck of the glorious old Gospel craft!

But while I have said I do not think it is possible for us to commit the particular sin spoken of in the first text, I have by reason of the second text to call your attention to the fact that there are sins which, though they may be pardoned, are in some respects irrevocable; and you can find no place for repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears. Esau had a birthright given him. In olden times it meant not only temporal but spiritual blessing. One day Esau took this birthright and traded it off for something to eat. Oh, the folly! But let us not be too severe upon him, for some of us have committed the same folly. After he had made his trade, he wanted to get it back. Just as though you to-morrow morning should take all your notes and bonds and government securities, and sell old go into a restaurant, and in a fit of recklessness and hunger throw all those securities on the counter and ask for a plate of food, making that exchange. This was the one Esau made. He sold his birthright for a mess of pottage, and he was very sorry about it afterward; but "he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears."

There is an impression in almost every man's mind that somewhere in the future there will be a chance where he can correct all his mistakes. Live as we may, if we only repent in time, God will forgive us, and then all will be as well as though we had never committed sin. My discourse shall come in collision with that theory. I shall show you, my friends, as God will help me, that there is such a thing as unsuccessful repentance; that there are things done wrong that always stay wrong, and for them you may seek some place of repentance, and seek it carefully, but never find it.

Belonging to this class of irrevocable mistakes is the folly of a misspent youth. We may look back to our college days, and think how we neglected chemistry, or geology, or botany, or mathematics. We may be sorry about it all our days. Can we ever get the discipline of the advantage that we would have had had we attended to those duties in early life? A man wakes up at forty years of age and finds that his youth has been wasted, and he strives to get back his early advantages. Does he get them back—the days of boyhood, the days in college, the days under his father's roof? "Oh," he says, "if I could only get those times back again, how I would improve them!" My brother, you will never get them back. They are gone, gone. You may be very sorry about it, and God may forgive, so that you may at last reach heaven; but you will never get over some of the mishaps that have come to your soul as a result of your neglect of early duty. You may try to undo it; you cannot undo it. When you had a boy's arms, and a boy's heart, you ought to have attended to those things. A man says, at fifty years of age, "I do wish I could get over these habits of indolence." When did you get them? At twenty or twenty-five years of age. You cannot shake them off. They will hang to you to the very day of your death. If a young man through a long course of evil conduct undermines his physical health, and then repents of it in after-life, the Lord may pardon him; but that does not bring back good physical condition. I said to a minister of the gospel, one Sabbath, at the close of the service, "Where are you preaching now?" "Oh," he says, "I am not preaching. I am suffering from the physical effects of early sin. I can't preach now; I am sick." A consecrated man he now is, and he mourns bitterly over early sins; but that does not arrest their bodily effects.

The simple fact is, that men and women often take twenty years of their life to build up influences that require all the rest of their life to break down. Talk about a man beginning life when he is 21 years of age; talk about a woman beginning life when she is 18 years of age! Ah, no! In many respects that is the time they close life. In nine cases out of ten all the questions of eternity are decided before that. Talk about a majority of men getting their fortunes between 30 and 40! They get or lose fortunes between 10 and 20. When you tell me that a man is just beginning life, I tell you he is just closing it. The next fifty years will not be of as much importance to him as the first twenty.

Now, why do I say this? Is it for the annoyance of those who have only a baleful retrospection? You know that is not my way. I say it for the benefit of young men and women. I want them to understand that eternity is wrapped up in this hour; that the sins of youth we never get over; that you are now fashioning the mold in which your great future is to run; that a minute, instead of being sixty seconds long, is made up of everlasting ages. You see what dignity and importance this gives to the life of all our young folks. Why, in the light of this subject, life is not something to be frittered away, not something to be danced out, but something to be weighed in the balances of eternity. Oh, young man! the sin of yesterday, the sin of to-morrow, will reach over ten thousand years, ay, over the great and unending eternity. You may, after awhile, say: "I am very sorry. Now I have got to be 30 or 40 years of age, and I do wish I had never commenced those sins." What does that amount to? God may pardon you; but undo those things you never will, you never can.

In the same category of irrevocable mistakes I put all parental neglect. We begin the education of our children too late. By the time they get to be 10 or 15 we wake up to our mistakes, and try to eradicate this bad habit, and change that; but it is too late. That parent who omits, in the first ten years of the child's life, to make an eternal impression for Christ, never makes it. The child will probably go on with all the disadvantages, which might have been avoided by parental faithfulness. Now you see what a mistake that father or mother makes who puts off too late life adherence to Christ. Here is a man who at 50 years of age says to you, "I must be a Christian;" and he yields his heart to God, and sits in the place of prayer to-day a Christian. None of us can doubt it. He goes home and he says: "Here at 50 years of age I have given my heart to the Savior. Now I must establish a family altar." What? Where are your children now? One in Boston; another in Cincinnati; another in New Orleans; and you, my brother, at your fiftieth year going to establish your famaly altar? Very well; better late than never; but alas, alas that you did not do it 25 years ago!

When I was in Chamount, Switzerland, I saw in the window of the shops a picture that impressed my mind very much. It was a picture of an accident that occurred in the Alps mountains. A company of travelers, with guides, went up some very steep places—places which but few travelers attempted to go up. They were, as all travelers are there, fastened together with cords at the waist, so that if one slipped, the rope would hold him—the rope fastened to the others. Passing along the most dangerous point, one of the guides slipped, and they all started down the precipice; but after a while one more muscular than the rest stuck his heels into the ice and stopped; but the rope broke, and down, hundreds of thousands of feet, the rest went. And so I see whole families bound together by ties of affection, and in many cases walking on slippery places of worldliness and sin. The father knows it, and the mother knows it, and they are bound all together. After a while they begin to slide down steeper and steeper, and the father becomes alarmed, and he stops, planting his feet on the "Rock of Ages." He stops, but the rope breaks, and those who were once tied fast to him by moral and spiritual influences, go over the precipice. Oh, there is such a thing as coming to Christ soon enough to save ourselves, but not soon enough to save others!

How many parents wake up in the latter part of life to find out the mistake! The parent says: "I have been too lenient," or "I have been too severe in the discipline of my children. If I had the little ones around me again, how different I would do!" You will never have them around again. The work is done, the bent to the character is given, the eternity is decided. I say this to young parents—those who are 25 or 30 or 35 years of age—have the family altar to-night. How do you suppose that father felt as he leaned over the couch of his dying child, and the expiring son said to him, "Father, you have been very good to me. You have given me a fine education, and you have placed me in a fine social position; you have done everything for me in a worldly sense but, father, you never told me how to die. Now I am dying and I am afraid."

In this category of irrevocable mistakes I place, also, the unkindnesses done the departed. When I was a boy, my mother used to say to me sometimes, "Now Will, you will be sorry for that when I am gone." And I remember just how she looked sitting there, with cap and spectacles, and the Bible in her lap; and she never said a truer thing than that, for I have often been sorry since. While we have our friends with us, we say unguarded things that wound the feelings of those to whom we ought to give nothing but kindness. Perhaps the parent without inquiring into the matter, boxes the child's ears. The little one, who has fallen in the street, come home covered with dust, and, as though the first disaster were not enough she whips it. After a while the child is taken or the parent is taken, or both are taken, and those who are left say, "Oh, if we could only get back those unkind words, those unkind deeds; if we could only recall them!" But you cannot get them back. You might bow down over the grave of that loved one, and cry and cry and cry—the white lips would make no answer. The stars shall be plucked out of their sockets, and these unkindnesses shall be torn away. The world shall die, but there are some wrongs immortal. The moral of which is, take care of your friends while you have them; spare the scolding; be economical of the satire; shut up in a dark cave from which they shall never swarm forth, all the words that have a sting in them. You will wish you had some day—very soon perhaps to-morrow—Oh, yes. While with a firm hand you administer parental discipline, also administer it very gently, lest some day there be a fountain in the country, and on it chiseled "Our Willie," or "Our Charlie," and though you bow down prone in the grave, and seek it carefully with tears, you cannot find it.

There is another sin that I place in the class of irrevocable mistakes, and that is lost opportunities of getting good. I never come to a Saturday night but I can see during that week that I have missed opportunities of getting good. I never come to my birthday but I can see that I have wasted many chances of getting better. I never go home on a Sabbath from the discussion of a religious theme without feeling that I might have done it in a more successful way. How is it with you? If you take a certain number of bushels of wheat and scatter them over a certain number of acres of land, you expect a harvest in proportion to the amount of seed scattered. And I ask you now, have the sheaves of moral and spiritual harvest corresponded with the advantages given?

How has it been with you? You may make resolutions for the future, but past opportunities are gone. In the long procession of future years all those past moments will march; but the archangel's trumpet that wakes the dead will not wake up for you one of those privileges. Esau has sold his birthright, and there is not wealth enough in the treasure houses of heaven to buy it back again. What does that mean? It means that if you are going to get any advantage out of this Sabbath day you will have to get it while the hand wheels around on the clock to 12 to-night. It means that every moment of our life has two wings, and that is one reason why life is a train in circles, but in a straight line from eternity to eternity. It means that though other chariots may break down, or drag heavily, this one never drops the brake, and never ceases to run. It means that while at other feasts the cup may be passed to us and we may reject it, and yet after a while take it, the cup bearers to this feast meerschaum not one chance at the more than once.—New York World. We shall

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose.

UNTOLD MISERY FROM RHEUMATISM

C. H. King, Water Valley, Miss., cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For five years, I suffered untold misery from muscular rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, consulted the best physicians, visited Hot Springs, Ark., three times, spending $1000 there, besides doctors' bills; but could obtain only temporary relief. My flesh was wasted away so that I weighed only ninety-three pounds; my left arm and leg were drawn out of shape, the muscles

being twisted up in knots. I was unable to dress myself, except with assistance, and could only hobble about by using a cane. I had no appetite, and was assured, by the doctors, that I could not live. The pains, at times, were so awful, that I could procure relief only by means of hypodermic injections of morphine. I had my limbs bandaged in clay, in sulphur, in poultices; but these gave only temporary relief. After trying everything, and suffering the most awful tortures, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Inside of two months, I was able to walk without a cane. In three months, my limbs began to strengthen, and in the course of a year, I was cured. My weight has increased to 165 pounds, and I am now able to do my full day's work as a railroad blacksmith."

AYER'S

The Only World's Fair Sarsaparilla.

AYER'S PILLS cure Headache.

"find no place for repentance, though we seek it carefully with tears."

There is one more class of sinners that I put in this category of irrevocable sins, and that is lost opportunities of usefulness. Our business partner is a proud man. In ordinary circumstances, say to him, "Believe in Christ," and he will say, "You mind your business, and I'll mind mine." But there has been affliction in the household. His heart is tender. He is looking around for sympathy and solace. Now is your time. Speak, speak, or forever hold your peace. There is a time in farm life when you plant the corn and when you sow the seed. Let that go by, and the farmer will wring his hands while other husbandmen are gathering in the sheaves. There are in religious matters, and there is an opportunity for you to speak a word for Christ. You say, "I must do it." Your cheek flushes with embarrassment. You rise half way, but you cower before men whose breath is in their nostrils and you sag back, and the opportunity is gone, and all eternity will feel the effect of your silence. Try to get back that opportunity! You cannot find it. You might as well try to find the fleece that Gideon watched, or take in your hand the dew that came down on the locks of the Bethlehem shepherds, or to find the plume of the first robin that went across paradise.

It is gone; it is gone forever. When an opportunity for a personal repentance or of doing good passes away, you may hunt for it; you cannot find it. You may fish for it; it will not take the hook. You may dig for it; you cannot bring it up. Remember that there are wrongs and sins that can never be corrected; that your privileges fly not in circles, but in a straight line; that the lightnings have not as swift feet as our privileges when they are gone, and let an opportunity of salvation go by us an inch, the one hundredth part of an inch, the thousandth part of an inch, and not man can overtake it. Fire-winged seraphin cannot come up with it. The eternal God himself cannot catch it.

I stand before those who have a glorious birthright, Esau's was not so rich as yours. Sell it once, and you sell it forever. I remember, a few years ago—he had on the Arctic one years ago—the lad Stewart Holland. A vessel crashed into the Arctic in the time of a fog, and it was found that the ship must go down. Some of the passengers got off in the life boats, some got off on rafts; but 300 went to the bottom. During all these hours of calamity, Stewart Holland stood at the signal gun, and it sounded across the sea, boom! boom! The helmsman forsook his place, the engineer was gone, and some fainted, and some prayed, and some blasphemed, and the powder was gone, and they could no more set off the signal gun. The lad broke in the magazine and brought out more powder, and again the gun boomed over the sea. Oh, my friends, tossed on the rough sea of life, some have taken the warning, have gone off in the lifeboat, and they are safe; but others are not making any attempt to escape. So I stand at this signal gun of the Gospel, sounding the alarm. Beware! beware! Now is the accepted time; now is the day for salvation." Hear it that your soul may live!

FLOUR OF BANANAS.

Likely Soon to Become an Important Article of Commerce.

A great deal of attention has been drawn of late to the use of the banana as a source of flour or meal, and as a source of flour or meal, and though such an application is by no means new, or the discovery modern, it seems not at all unlikely that banana flour is an article that has a prospect of great development in the near future, says the Philadelphia Record. Wherever the banana or plantain thrives, the fruits, when dry, are converted into meal and used for making cakes, puddings, and for various other uses in cookery. An effort is being made to establish a factory for the manufacture of banana meal.

As to the use of banana flour for brewing purposes, Mr. Kahike, one of the best known manufacturers of yeast in Germany, writes in this connection: "Banana flour, without doubt, from its richness in starch and its good flavor, is partially suitable for the manufacture of yeast. This flour is easily rendered saccharine. The yeast obtained by adding banana flour to the other ingredients has a good color, all the requisite properties of an excellent class of yeast, and moreover keeps well. The alcohol obtained from it leaves nothing to be desired, so that this flour may be introduced as an article of commerce, and employed without any special preparation. Satisfactory experiments have also been made in some breweries, where 20 per cent of malt has been replaced by the flakes and flour of bananas. The flavor of beer was not altered, and the quantity of liquid was increased, and the malt was replaced by a less expensive substance. Experiments are being made in which the proportion of banana flour is increased."

HOW TO TELL THE KEY.

Just Remember These Nonsense Lines for Sharps and Flats.

"Amateur musicians often are somewhat embarrassed by the unexpected query as to what key a piece of music is in when playing in company," remarked a novel music teacher. "They can tell on a little reflection, but an array of four or five sharps or flats is apt to temporarily confuse the best of them."

"Here is a simple little guide or reminder which, if rehearsed a few times will always keep them right and ready to make a quick response to question:

"In sharps just jot down this sentence, the capital letter beginning each word representing an additional sharp from one to six: 'God Deluged All Earth By Flood.' In flats the same rule obtains, the only exception with this amusing line: 'Fanny Baker Eats Apple Dumplings Greedily.'"—Philadelphia Record.

An Interesting Statement.

It is stated as an interesting sociological fact that in London out of 100 widowers who marry again twelve marry their housekeepers.—London Telegraph.

Why a Monopoly is Like a Baby.

A monopoly is a good deal like a baby. A man is opposed to it on general principles until he has one of his own.—Detroit Free Press.

Why He Squealed.

Neighbor—"What made your little brother squeal so loud this morning?"

Boy—"Ma made him squeal that way so the neighbors would believe we had killed a pig."—Texas Siftings.

The Bottom of the Sea

Yields no pearl that can exceed in beauty teeth whitened and cleansed with the incomparable dentifrice, the fragrant SOZODONT. Nor is coral rosier than the gums in which teeth are set. So say the ladies, who are the best judges in such matters.

GARFIELD'S SON IN POLITICS.

YOUNG "JIM" WANTS TO WIN ON HIS MERITS.

Coincidences With His Father's Public Career.

The nomination for state senator of James R. Garfield, son of the murdered President, has aroused a great deal of political interest in this state. He is a candidate from the Portage-Summitt district, comprising the same counties which, in 1859, elected his father to the same position.

The late James A. Garfield was 28 years old when chosen, and had been married to Lucretia Rudolph but one year. James R. Garfield is nominated

JAMES A. GARFIELD.
(The Late President.)
As State Senator in 1859.

JAMES R. GARFIELD,
(The Son.)
As State Senator in 1895.

at the same age, and he, too, has been married but little more than a year.

Another coincidence is that the nomination came to the younger Garfield on July 2, anniversary of the date on which his father, 14 years ago, was shot down by Guiteau. There is, however, no coincidence in the financial condition of the father and the son at the time of their respective nominations. The "Jim" Garfield of 1859 was poor. His wife was poor also, but both of them were well educated, and both brave in the battle of life.

The "Jim" Garfield who is entering politics in 1895 is really a rich man. The generosity of the nation made his mother one of the richest women of the Western Reserve, and young "Jim" married the daughter of a millionaire. Garfield the elder and Garfield the younger were both graduated from Williams College. Young "Jim" is also a graduate of the Columbia Law School, though he was admitted by examination, to practice before the Supreme Court of Ohio.

There will be no doubt of his election, and from now on there will be another "Jim" Garfield in the politics of Ohio. He is a young man of ambitious tendencies and is very proud of his father's name. But he wants to stand on his own merits and not to be held up for popular esteem simply because he is the son of his father. It is no secret that his ambition is to acquire legislative experience in the Ohio Senate, and then to take his father's old place in Congress from the same old Nineteenth district that gave Giddings, Wade and Garfield to the nation.

The future state senator has evidently allied himself to the faction in this state which desires the further elevation of Foraker. There is no particular reason why he should join hands with Senator Sherman or with McKinley. Thirty-six years ago Garfield the elder was nominated at Ravenna. He was remarkably youthful in appearance, and his chief champion, Frederick Williams, was asked:

"Haven't you made a mistake in nominating such a young chap?"

"Wait until you hear him," replied Williams.

Garfield came before the convention, made a speech, and from that time on he was the idol of this section. The same objection was urged against "Jim" Garfield of to-day; that he looks too young. But he promises to overcome all these objections, much as his father did in 1859.

A REVEREND INFANT.

RAY YORK, 13 YEARS OF AGE, DRAWS ENORMOUS CROWDS.

He Makes Many Converts Down in Old Missouri.

Ray York, 13 years of age, is probably the youngest preaching evangelist in the world. He is engaged just now in conducting evangelistic services at Pertle Springs, Mo. Ray wears knee pants and does not look to be 13 years old even. He is slightly built and weighs about 75 pounds, has brown eyes and hair, and a very pretty, childish face.

The boy was converted when 6 years of age in a Baptist Sunday school and has ever since, it is said, been an active Christian worker. Even before that, though, he had developed a

REV. RAY YORK, AGED 13 YEARS.

strong religious trend. His favorite pastime as a small child was to "play meeting." At these times he used to pray and "talk" and encourage his little playmates to do the same. At 9 he attended a revival meeting and became so impressed that he wanted to join the church. His parents objected, however, and he did not take this step until two years later.

This happened at Warrensburg, where the boy's talent for preaching was discovered by the Rev. H. A. Slaughter, his pastor, who should be held responsible for the youngster's career ever since, for Mr. Slaughter encouraged the little fellow by urging him to speak in public. While the Rev. Mr. Slaughter was conducting a revival at Knob Noster, he induced Ray to preach. It was the boy's first sermon, and he was then 12 years of age.

Its success, says a correspondent, was a great surprise to every one, probably as much to Ray as to any one else. He continued preaching several days at Knob Noster. In the two weeks following Ray's first talk 104 persons were converted. The young preacher soon began to spring into prominence, and was in great demand. He was called by the Rev. R. L. Kirkland, of St. Joseph, to assist in a revival meeting there the first of the year. Ray preached 50 different sermons in the Wyatt Park and Savannah Avenue churches at that place, 1,500 to 2,000 people being turned away from every meeting. Sixty-eight additions, mostly old people, was the result of this meeting.

The Rev. R. L. Kirkland of St. Joseph says: "Ray is the best help I ever had in revival services. He has preached twice at Leavenworth, Kan., holding Easter services there last April. In August of last year he preached a memorial sermon at Flag Springs Cemetery at California, Mo., and has accepted an invitation to preach the memorial sermon again this year on August 13. He has also held meetings at King's City, Whitesville, Everett, Freeman, Burdette, Lone Jack, Lamote and many other places, many conversions at each meeting."

The boy speaks easily, fluently, and, says the correspondent, assumes a graceful attitude when delivering a sermon. He seems to have no thought of self, but goes right at his work in a reverential manner. His sermons sparkle with humor and pathos. He expects to attend William Jewell College, at Liberty, this fall and finish the four years' course there. This completed, he will attend the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., for two years. His intention after finishing college is to become an evangelist. Ray's parents are poor, and he is making his own money to secure his education.

A Girl of To-Day.

He—Will you miss me when I'm gone?
She—No; not if you're gone on me.—Boston Courier.

The Sunday School.

Journeying to Canaan.

LESSON IV, JULY 28, 1895.

Golden Text: Come thou with us, and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.—Num. 10:29.

LESSON TEXT.

(Num. 10:29-36. Memory verses: 33, 34.)

Study connection in Number 9.

29. And Moses said unto Hobab, the son of Raguel the Midianite, Moses' father in law, We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel.

30. And he said unto him, I will not go; but I will depart to mine own land, and to my kindred.

31. And he said, Leave us not, I pray thee; forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes.

32. And it shall be, if thou go with us, yea, it shall be, that what goodness the Lord shall do unto us, the same will we do unto thee.

33. And they departed from the mount of the Lord three days' journey: and the ark of the covenant of the Lord went before them in the three days' journey, to search out a resting place for them.

34. And the cloud of the Lord was upon them by day, when they went out of the camp.

35. And it came to pass, when the ark set forward, that Moses said, Rise up, Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered: and let them that hate thee flee before thee.

36. And when it rested, he said, Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel.

The Lesson Story.

The march to Sinai, the stay there, and the preparations for leaving it, were at last ended, fourteen months after the hurried flight from Egypt. The orders for the distribution of the tribes on the march were precise. But although at the start Moses alone took the command, the impossibility of one man attending unaided to all that is involved very soon led to the careful organization of a council of seventy leading men, from all the tribes except Levi, to relieve him of overpowering details; the host being thus finally under the authority of a representative body taken from their higher and inferior shaykhs, Moses retaining the supreme power, though assisted by this new senate.

Once out on the broad waste of the desert, the order of encampment and march was definite and permanent. The tabernacle was pitched in the center of the camp, the Levites taking it down when the signal was given to move forwards, and raising it again when a halt was ordered. The advance was sounded by the Levites, on silver trumpets, whenever the mysterious cloud of the Presence was taken up from off it. Moses repeating the striking words, as the signal was given of everything being ready, "Rise up, O Lord, and let thine enemies be scattered; and let them that hate thee flee before thee," the whole host re-echoing them in a mighty shout. Then, at the close of the march, which was decided by the renewed descent of the cloud, as the ark was once more solemnly let down from the shoulders of the Levites, the great leader lifted his voice again in prayer, his words being caught up and repeated by the mighty assembly, with a sound like that of many waters: "Return, O Lord, unto the many thousands of Israel."

It was only about two hundred miles from Sinai to Palestine, in a straight line, but direct advance was impossible, from the difficulties of the route. The camp at Sinai was nearly five thousand feet above the sea level, and to ascend to this table land had been exhausting in the extreme; but the descent of so great a multitude, cumbered with women, children and cattle, must have been equally trying, for there were no roads, and the steep ravines were terribly rough. A range of hills barred the way north, moreover, so that they had to turn eastward, in the direction of the Gulf of Akaba, the eastern portion of the Red Sea. The long residence of Moses in the peninsula, and the relations he had formed with Jethro, the shaykh of the Kenite Arabs, whose territory, or, rather, range of tent wandering, embraced at least part of it, must have proved of the greatest value in the entrance of so vast a multitude on a great desert migration; but the journey was hard, at best.

Three days' toilsome march brought the tribes to the "wilderness of Paran," apparently a portion of the upland limestone district, known in its whole extent as the desert of the Tih. In this they halted, and raised the tabernacle for the first time; but their enthusiasm had already largely abated. Nothing could be more depressing than the landscape in which they found themselves. Instead of the gliding waters of the Nile, and the verdure stretching away from its innumerable canals, they saw, far and near, only gray barren hills, and equally barren ravines on every side. It was human to fret and murmur; for, to all appearance, such landscapes threatened sad disaster to a multitude so great, with such flocks and herds.

Yet they might have remembered the wonderful provision made for them in the past—the miracle that had opened their way through the waters of the Red Sea, the victory at Rephidim, and, above all, the pledge of divine guidance and care, ever with them, in the cloud over the sacred tent, and the memories of the flaming peaks of Sinai. It was but a short time since they had formally promised absolute obedience to Jehovah as their almighty king, but the pressure of the first trouble had made them oblivious of all but its present acuteness. They had seen, however, in the sin of the golden calf, that God was as strict to avenge apostasy as to protect them when loyal to him, and they once more experienced this, for we read that "the fire of Jehovah burnt among them"—an allusion, perhaps, to some awful storm of thunder and lightning, which, to the Hebrews, even in later ages, was the voice and arrows of the Eternal.

Before leaving Sinai, Moses had begged his marriage relative Hobab—perhaps the same as Jethro, or, possibly, his son—to go with him to Palestine, that the tribes might have the great advantage of his experience as an Arab, used to the desert, in choosing sites for the camp and routes for the march. It is doubtful, however, whether he consented, though Mohammadan tradition speaks of him as having accompanied the Hebrews till they crossed the Jordan. In either case, the feelings between his people and the Jews must have been perfectly friendly to the last, for we find repeated indications of kindliness surviving between the two races, even to long subsequent ages. It was the wife of a Kenite who, at the cost of sad treachery, freed Israel from the dangers of renewed hostility from Sisera (Judg. 4: 17); and, in Saul's day, encampments of Kenites, mixed with those of Amalekites, were warned by the Jewish king to escape before he made his exterminating attack on their brother nomads (1 Sam. 15: 6).

One section of Kenites, indeed, under the name of Rechabites, virtually identified themselves with the Jews in the later periods of the nation, and that so closely as to be incorporated into the tribe of Levi, this being the meaning attached by many to the promise that they would never want a man to stand before God. Notices of them will be found in the following texts: 2 Samuel 4: 2, 5, 6, 9; 2 Kings 10: 15, 23; 1 Chronicles 2: 55; Nehemiah 3: 14; Jeremiah 35: 6-19.

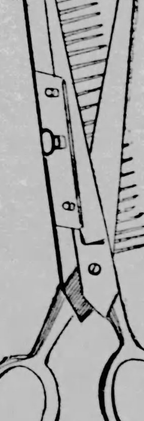
Cuningham Geikie, D. D., LL. D., Bournemouth, England.

THE HOME-BARBER.

An Ingenious Combination of Comb and Scissors for Hair-Trimming.

The picture printed in this description represents a very ingenious and useful combination of comb and scissors, by means of which hair-trimming may be done at home. A slide and a set-screw are so arranged that the device may be instantly adjusted to any desired length of cut.

Any one whose fingers are ordinarily dexterous can readily learn to use this



invention, which has been patented by a firm in England. The price is about $1.75 to $2, and no doubt it will soon be sold in the shops here.

Its use, by the way, need not be confined to the heads of persons, for it may just as conveniently be used for clipping the hair of dogs and other animals.

Weak and Nervous

Describes the condition of thousands of people at this season. They have no appetite, cannot sleep, and complain of the prostrating effect of warmer weather. This condition may be remedied by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates an appetite and tones up all the organs. It gives good health by making the blood pure.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

At the Court of the Sultan.

"Birrah," remarked the Sultan, "my first wife and I are one."

The court mathematician bowed in affirmation.

"Well," proceeded his majesty, "how about me and my second wife?"

"You are another," promptly rejoined the man of science. Whereat divers high functionaries made shift to leave for apartments not deeming it good policy to give their puissant sovereign the ha-ha to his face.—Detroit Tribune.

The Duchesse d'Aosta's Pearls.

The pearls given to the bride by her betrothed are so magnificent that the future Duchess d'Aosta may hope in this respect to rival the queen of Italy, whose pearls have long been the admiration of experts and others. The wedding present includes an entire set of pearls and diamonds, a string of 35 pearls exquisitely matched and a necklace consisting of eleven rows of pearls clasped with a splendid emerald set in diamonds. —New York World.

What He Would Prefer.

Music Teacher (to pupil)—"Now lower your voice, please."

Father (who hates singing)—"No, don't lower it; drop it and step on it."—New York World.

CONSUMPTION

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., New York

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BARE-LEGGED WOMEN DANCE.

The Last Dread Need of the Decadentate of Trilbyisms.

One of these days when the "Trilby" mania has reached a less acute phase, somebody may pause to find out why it is that the name is associated in the popular mind with bare feet and naked shins. On a roof garden or in a music hall "Trilby" has grown to mean nothing else. In such places it is synonymous with feet, and there is no telling what a disappointment it must be to roof garden habitues when they read the book and find that the scene is not laid in a Turkish bath or at a chiropodist's.

This form of the decadent Trilbyismus began when Mollie Fuller put pink grease paint on her toes and danced at the Bijou a month ago with bare legs, says the New York Sun. At present two young women, half hidden by umbrellas, dance with bare legs and feet on the Casino roof, and there has been a fresh outbreak of shins at the American Roof Garden.

There are four dancers in the quadrille that is given now at the end of the performance there. They are Trilby, Svengali, the Laird, and an unclassified fourth, who is a female, and seems to be there because four bare shins are better than two. She might have been Mimi La Salope, or even Mme. Vinard, if the manager had known anything about the book, but

SALUTE MILITAIRE.

he didn't, so she was vaguely described as "a villager." To music that ranges from a variation on "Ben Bolt" to the cancan from "Orphee aux Enfers," the four dance the quadrille. When Svengali does a pas seul, Trilby and the villager retire to take off their shoes and stockings. By the time the Laird has danced a Scotch reel they are ready.

The villager does her dance first. Her feet and legs are bare. She wears a diaphanous white skirt and under it a great deal of soft, clinging underwear. She does the usual skirt dance steps, and the linen skirts follow the movements of her limbs so quickly that the flesh is never seen much above the knees.

But there is no suggestion that her legs are covered by anything more than the lacy linen. It is readable, but not nearly so pretty as the customary pink-shaded flesh-tings. In the glare of the electric lights the skin looks yellow, and the "villager" had not "made up" her shins as carefully as Mollie Fuller had. So the genuine article was voted not so ornamental as the usual tights.

Trilby's skirts were shorter. There was a series of kicks, the salut militaire, which is the name given to the gentle trick of holding up the leg until the foot is as high as the head, several splits, and then Trilby and her bare limbs retired. The limit of this species of Trilbyismus has been reached on the American Roof Garden.

The practice of dancing with bare legs could never become popular if it had not had the "Trilby" craze back of it. When the women at the American begin to dance the spectators lean forward for a moment to make

DECADENT TRILBYISMUS.

certain that their legs are really bare. When they have assured themselves of this fact the interest begins immediately to subside.

"Why, she's got no stockings on," was the remark of one woman the other night after she had stared at the dancer for a moment. "If she knew how she looked she'd go out and put 'em on. Why, her legs are as yellow as a gourd."

This was a feminine exaggeration, but the flesh did look sallow in the bright light. The faces of the dancers were made up with the customary powder and rouge, but their legs were au naturel. They did look sallow and anaemic. Only a few moments before they had filled closely the colored stockings the women wore, but bare they seemed destitute of curves and plumpness. The bare skins may be reddish enough, but they are not beautiful at long range. The dancing is not improved by the absence of slippers. The feet seem to feel the lack of the accustomed weight, and the toes go up in the air with a lack of certainty which would be a drawback were it not that every man among the spectators is interested in seeing them go as high as possible, and the uncertainty about their coming down in due order is a matter of indifference to him.

But "Trilby" dancers will prove only a passing manifestation of the infection. They need a stronger support than their shanks, and they haven't it now.

For Alcoholism

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

DR. P. P. GILMARTIN, Detroit, Mich., says: "It is very satisfactory in its effects, notably in the prostration attendant upon alcoholism."

There Was Another Way.

A conjurer was recently performing the old trick of producing eggs from the pocket of a boy, which he remarked to a little boy in fun:

"I say, my boy, your mother can't get eggs without hens, can she?"

"Of course she can," replied the boy.

"Why, how is that?" asked the conjuror.

"She keeps ducks," replied the boy, amid roars of laughter.—Richmond State.

A Brief Hour of Glory.

Many a sweet girl graduate who this week drops her weighty thoughts into the stream of time while her pa and ma listen with strange pleasure to the sullen plunk of 'em will fall into disrepute next week through having forgotten how much lard ought to go into the shortcake.—Chicago News.

Sale of Family Trees.

At the sale of the archives of the Heraldic College of France, in

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, **124,000**

MORE PREMIUMS!

An Additional Incentive for Raisers of Clubs in July.

The three-months' subscriptions during the last week came in very liberally, and we are entirely satisfied with the growth of our list this summer. Now that the Fourth of July is over, more of our friends will have time to raise clubs for us. It occurs to us to make another premium offer.

From this time on, until September 1, we will give AN EXTRA COPY of the Weekly Blade for three months, to those sending us a club of ten, who may prefer the extra subscription to a premium book. If the club raiser's name already on our subscription list, he may ask us to extend it for three months, instead of taking a premium book.

We think this will be a good reason for many thousands who have not yet sent us clubs of 10, to hustle and raise one.

This will in no wise interfere with participation in our grand prize offers, but it will pay those who do not care to make an effort for one of the larger prizes, because they will get value received for their small clubs as they send them in. We desire, especially, clubs from those places where none as yet have been raised, and we hope that all of our friends will send us at least one club during the present month.

We ask EVERYBODY to send us a list of names to whom we may send specimen copies. All of our readers have at least time to do us this favor.

ADDITIONAL PRIZES.

A HAPPY IDEA FOR ALL OUR CLUB RAISERS.

These Prize Offers Do Not Conflict With the Offer Elsewhere.

Scores of our subscribers write us that it is very exciting and interesting to take three months' subscriptions to the Weekly Blade at ten cents. They start out to raise a club of ten, and usually become so interested in the work that they secure fifty, one hundred or even more names the first day. Then they continue the work to see what they can really do.

We notice that a number of club-raisers are selecting books consecutively, beginning with No. 1 on the list. This shows that they have an idea of sending in names enough to get the entire series of books, or else are interested to see how high up in the list they will get before September 1.

This is a good idea, and we are determined to encourage it. Therefore, we propose to announce another list of ten prizes, which will in no wise conflict with the other, but will be in addition thereto. By this we mean that it will be possible for any one person to obtain a prize from both lists.

First—We offer a Blade sewing machine to every person who will secure, during the three summer months, the whole list of sixty-eight books as premiums. This premium is worth $18.

Second—We offer a hunting-cased gold watch—described as No. 1 in The Blade list—worth $15.75, to every person who will secure, during the same time sixty premium books.

Third—We offer a hunting-cased coin silver watch—described as No. 27 in the Blade list—worth $10, to every person who will secure 58 premium books.

Fourth—We offer a Blade china dinner set, 108 pieces, valued at $9.25, to every person who will secure 56 premium books.

Fifth—We offer an open-faced coin silver watch—described as No. 26 in the Blade list—valued at $6.50, to every person who will secure 50 premium books.

Sixth—We offer an open-faced nickel silver Elgin watch—described as No. 4 in the Blade watch list—valued at $5.50, to any person who will secure 48 premium books.

Seventh—We offer one dozen of table knives, described in the Blade list, and valued at $4.25, to any person who will secure 45 premium books.

Eighth—We offer one Blade china tea set, 56 pieces, valued at $4.00, to any person who will secure 43 premium books.

Ninth—We offer one dozen nickel table spoons, described in the Blade list, valued at $2.35, to any person who will secure 40 premium books.

Tenth—We offer one dozen nickel tea spoons, as described in the Blade list, valued at $1.25, to any person who will secure 30 premium books.

We call particular attention to the fact that the above offers are NOT merely offered to the FIRST persons securing the above number of books, but to ALL who reach the required number. This offer, therefore, does not mean merely ten prizes, but it may possibly mean 100 prizes, as we apprehend a very large number will, during the season, secure the above prizes.

Be SURE and number your lists of names consecutively, so that we can tell, at a glance, how your list stands on September 1. Many of our readers are already advanced toward some of the above premiums, and hundreds more can very easily secure the same prizes, if they go at the work at once.

SPECIMEN COPIES.

We desire to send specimen copies of the Weekly Blade to thousands who are not regular subscribers. We want everybody to know the special features announced for publication this summer, as well as the low price we make for clubs. Will our readers please send us addresses of their friends to whom we can mail sample copies? And we desire especially those who want to raise clubs, to write us for all the specimens they need.

FRANCE'S NEW LIQUOR LAW.

The Blade has adverted, at various times for the past dozen years, to the steady and alarming increase of drunkenness in France. This is due to the increasing tendency to the use of brandy and other distilled liquors instead of light wines, and the growing popularity of absinthe, and other concoctions of the kind. The tendency has been steadily and rapidly toward the use of adulterated and alcoholized intoxicants.

So alarming has roused the government to action, some time ago M. Poincare, the minister of instruction, appointed a commission to inquire into the best means of preventing the increase of alcoholism. This body has agreed to recommend the immediate introduction of anti-alcoholic teaching into all the primary schools, and the subsequent extension of such teaching into the male and female secondary schools.

The scientific world is also on the alert to do what it can to check the growing evil. A large temperance society was recently organized under the auspices of the medical profession to combat the use of spirituous liquors. Owing to its reasonable methods of propaganda and the absence of intolerance or fanaticism, the society is progressing rapidly.

A bill was drafted and discussed for weeks in the chamber of deputies, having a double purpose—to create a state monopoly in alcohol, and to exempt such drinks as wine, beer and cider from the present tax thereon. Finally the measure passed. It establishes a state monopoly of alcohol, and abolishes the tax on drinks containing less than 15 per cent of alcohol; also it suppresses entirely the manufacture and sale of absinthe, bitters and many kinds of strong liquors. It is expected that the law will be approved by the senate with but slight modifications. The measure also doubles the present alcoholic tax in order to raise the necessary revenue for the organization of the proposed state monopoly.

It will create surprise that the legislative body of a nation among whose people there is such an universal use of wines and liquors should pass such a bill. The reason is that the recent increase of alcoholism in France created a sentiment in favor of drastic measures. The amount of absinthe annually consumed has nearly trebled since 1887. Nervous diseases and insanity traceable to alcoholic poisoning have increased in like ratio. Besides, a new source of revenue was needed. The state monopoly in alsohol will raise, it is estimated, 113,000,000 francs ($22,6000,000) annually more than the present system of taxation. Premier Ribot originally was hostile to the scheme, but, not daring to oppose the majority of the chamber, has accepted the law. Great pressure was brought to bear on him in the form of opinions of medical men and specialists on insanity.

It may be that a measure like the above seems lax when viewed by American eyes; yet when one considers the French mode of life, the universal use of wine at meals by all — quite as much so as tea and coffee with us—it will be seen that it is aimed to check drinking for the sake of intoxication, while not interfering with the custom of the table use of wines at meals. It is a blow aimed at the habit of intoxication, and the use of distilled liquer. That far it is a measure any enemy of the liquor traffic can heartily support. Then, too, it is a subject of congratulation that in France the government is stirred up to the point of making an attack, through the law, upon the French equivalent for our saloon. There, as here, they recognize its evils, and are in line to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

THE IOWA REPUBLICANS.

The Iowa Republicans, in their platform, took safe and honest ground on the money question. They reaffirmed their adhesion to the financial plank of the Minneapolis platform, and added this paragraph:

We urge that the United States exert its influence to establish with the important commercial nations of the world such an international agreement as will enable this country to reopen its mints to the free and unlimited coinage of both metals without loss of one or the other from the volume of our money.

This is true bimetallism. All the world over, the purchasing power of full legal tender coin, used as money of final redemption, depends absolutely and entirely upon the market value of the metal of which it is composed. At present our legal tender silver is upheld artificially to the value of gold.

To make silver coin a money of final redemption, it must be worth its face.

There is no successful way of doing this but by simultaneous action by all the great commercial nations of the world. They must agree on a ratio, and open their mints to both metals at that ratio, without distinction in favor of either.

For the United States alone to attempt to make silver a money of final redemption at 16 to 1 is impossible. It would simply put us on the silver standard, not a bimetallic one. The 16 to 1 men are not bimetallists in reality, but silver monometallists.

Mr. Garland, once attorney general of the United States, has come out of the obscurity to which he was relegated by the Pan-Electric scandal, to voice his views as to the drift of politics. He says "the outlook is not at all encouraging to the Democrats in any of the silver states, and although the convention in Kentucky complimented Secretary Carlisle by refusing to adopt a free silver platform I will wager five to one that the Republicans carry that state at the coming election." Mr. Carland is probably a true prophet in this prediction.

There will be an effort made in the Republican national convention next year to nominate a Southern Republican for second place. There are two men named for the place, either of whom would be an admirable candidate—H. Clay Evans, of Tennessee, and Wm. O. Bradley, of Kentucky.

The circus proprietors of the country are protesting against P. Wax Hardin, Democratic candidate for governor of Kentucky. They think that his star act of doing the free silver act on a sound money platform will cause their trick mules to be regarded with contempt by the public.

The Allison Presidential boom was finally launched in the Iowa Republican convention. There is a feeling in the West that Allison's chances are better than ever before, but there are many things that may happen between now and a year hence. Then also there are others.

The fire losses in the United States and Canada for June amounted to $9,223,000, and for the first six months of 1895 to $56,497,600. The national ashheap is a rather costly affair.

Newspaper paragraphers will now insist that Mr. Drake, of Iowa, is in the political swim.

THE BLADE'S SILVER DISCUSSION.

We are now enabled to announce five of the papers for which we have arranged, as stated in previous announcements, upon the all-absorbing silver question.

We propose to give the argument on both sides of the question. Our arrangements are as yet not all made, nor is it necessary that the series shall be complete in order to begin publication.

The papers we now have on hand, and which we will soon begin to publish are as follows:

"THE SILVER QUESTION."

This paper is a general review of the entire subject, and is from the pen of Mr. EDWARD ATKINSON, who is an eminent authority on economic topics, both in this country and in the Old World. His writings are deemed of the highest authority, and received with respect by all.

"THE PRIMARY CAUSE OF THE DECLINE IN THE VALUE AND USE OF SILVER."

This is written by Hon. DAVID A. WELLS, one of the leading economists and thinkers of the world. He has been for years an authority on all economic subjects on both sides of the Atlantic.

"FIAT MONEY."

The author of this is Mr. HORACE WHITE, of New York, the well known political economist. He is a trenchant writer, and his clear and luminous style makes his argument very plain.

"OUR BANK NOTE CIRCULATION."

The author of this paper is Mr. WM. DODSWORTH, editor of the New York Journal of Commerce, the leading commercial periodical of the United States.

"THE EFFECT OF FREE COINAGE AT 16 TO 1."

This is from the pen of the Hon. A. B. HEPBURN, formberly comptroller of the Treasury of the United States, and now President of the Third National Bank of New York city. Mr. Hepburn is an authority on financial matters, and he discusses the question from the business man's standpoint.

These papers we have on hand. We are in correspondence with the other gentlemen whose names have been given in former announcements, and as soon as the papers are in our hands will add them to the above.

We are in correspondence with a Massachusetts gentleman, who has the unique record among his friends in that state, that his controversial writings have never been and can not be satisfactorily answered. He believes in free silver at 16 to 1. We have written him asking for a paper on the subject, and hope to give his answer next week.

We are also in correspondence with others who take the same view.

The Blade will discuss each article editorially as it appears. Nothing like such a discussion, by notable men, has been attempted by any other paper, and it will be the most valuable contribution to the settlement of the question.

MR. EUSTIS DID TALK.

Ambassador Eustis, our diplomatic representative at Paris, has gotten himself into hot water through an interview printed in the Paris Figaro, and Spain has ordered her minister at Washington to ask this government whether Eustis really did say what was attributed to him, and if so, whether it proposes to disavow his utterances.

The facts regarding the interview are that M. Routier, connected with the Figaro, is an author of some note. He called at the American embassy, was introduced to Mr. Eustis as an author rather than as a newspaper reporter, and the latter talked freely on literary, as well as political topics, without supposing he was being interviewed. When the interview appeared in the paper, he promptly disclaimed it; but afterward, when the circumstances were recalled to his memory, he admitted that he did have a conversation with Routier, but supposed it was a confidential chat between gentlemen.

The ambassador has evidently put his foot in it; but the interviewer must bear the blame of geting the interview in an unworthy way.

There are thousands of Americans who feel the sentiments expressed by Mr. Eustis. No one will condemn his opinions. But the diplomatic representative of this government should be wary in expressing his private opinions, because in Europe such utterances are assumed to be semi-official, and to represent the views of this government.

Mr. Eustis talked of the Oriental war, expressed his admiration for the Japanese, and his regret that they had not captured Pekin. Referring to Canada, he said it rested entirely with the United States whether the Dominion would be annexed to this country; that this government preferred to let the question rest, at the same time allowing Great Britain to understand that we would allow no nonsense on her part, or we would proceed with the annexation forthwith. Concerning Cuba, the ambassador said the sympathies of the people of the United States are with the revolutionists, who find among them, without the knowledge of the government at Washington, assistanse of every kind; and he added that, if the revolution were maintained for a year, he was not sure that Spain could ever succeed.

As we said before, Mr. Eustis fairly represented, in his utterances, the opinion of the average American on these points. But he made a blunder as did Sackville West, the British ambassador at Washington, during the Presidential campaign of 1888, which led to his being given his passports. Spain's fury over Eustis's remarks about Cuba may lead France to do the same to him, for unfriendly utterances about a neighbor nation!

The transfer of important classes of goods from a specific scale of duties to an ad valorem one, accomplished by the Democratic tariff law, is causing the customs officials at New York an enormous amount of trouble, because of the undervaluation frauds. Another instances wherein Democratic theory is shown to be a failure when compared with Republican practice.

THE ADVANCE IN WOOL.

The recent advance in the price of wool has been made the basis of an attempt to bolster up the claim that it is due to the new Democratic tariff law, which placed raw wool on the free list. But this is a mere dodge. The real reason is found in the world-wide revival of business from the depression of the past two years. That depression was most severe in the United States, because it was accompanied here by a financial panic; but it extended to other countries as well. Wool is simply sharing in the general advance in price which has come to grain, iron and steel, and in fact all staple raw materials of industry.

As Blade readers know, the city of Bradford, England, is one of the great centers of wool manufacturing. The woolen mill men there say "the demand which has now sprung up for spring goods is unprecedented, and the stock of raw material on hand and the visible supply are entirely inadequate. The advance in alpacas from 18 to 22 shillings over night, which occurred recently, is unequaled in the textile industry. Where one-quarter of a yard was sold last year there will be sold from eight to ten yards next spring at three times the price asked in 1894."

With the wholesale price of the finished goods tripled in a little over a year, with the demand for them for next spring's trade 32 to 40 times as large as last year, the demand for the raw material, wool, is of course 32 to 40 times larger than it then was; and under such circumstances it would be a miracle if the price of wool should not take a most prodigious bound upward.

But how is the enormous activity at the English manufacturing centers going to effect our working people? Are the conditions under which the Democratic tariff law places us going to benefit us more than heretofore? To answer this we must consider two points—its effect on those engaged directly in woolen manufacturing, and on the prices the people of the country will have to pay for these goods.

Bradstreet's, in discussing the trade in woolen goods, said that "it has been a matter of common observation that, ever since the woolen goods provisions of the latest tariff bill became operative, the receipt of foreign wool dress goods became strikingly heavy," so heavy, Bradstreet's also declared, as to have "disturbed the trade detrimentally for the satisfactory disposal of our home product." And the Bulletin of the American Wool Manufacturers for June said that "the importations of worsted coatings and dress goods from Bradford bid fair, if the figures for the rest of the present year shall equal those of the first four months, to surpass those of 1889, which were $7,785,889," and are "large enough to fully justify the apprehensions of the domestic manufacturers of competing fabrics." It adds that "so far as the Bradford returns are a clue, it may be said to be already established that the imports of 1895 are to be the largest in value of any year, and that American products are to be correspondingly displaced in the domestic market."

Hence, the importations will be heavier than ever, and every yard so imported means a cutting off of the market for a yard of American made goods—one yard less for American workingmen to make. Hence, so far as the latter are concerned, the new tariff operates to their disadvantage. Now, as to the effect in retail prices to the people at large.

As shown above, the Bradford manufacturers say the wholesale prices of their goods, to be put on the market next spring, will be three times the price asked in 1894. The retail price, then, will certainly be three times that then asked. But the price in 1894 did not diminish in that ratio from prices under the McKinley law. Hence the retail prices under the Democratic tariff will next spring be higher than under the McKinley law.

Then who is benefited? Not the workman in the American mills; not the consumer. Who, then? The British manufacturer, the British workingmen, and the American importer. That is the result of Democratic tariff theories reduced to practice.

SAVE THIS FOR REFERENCE.

Here is a little record of the first fiscal year under the new tariff. It is worth putting in your pocket-book for reference:

McKinley law, two months, surplus, $6,026,461.

Wilson law, ten months, deficiency, $50,520,644.

Deficiency for fiscal year, $44,494,183.

Deficiency on sinking fund for year, $48,000,000.

Bonds issued during year, $111?,?15,400.

Postal deficiency of year, $11,000,000.

Postal receipts below estimates, $3,-000,000.

Customs receipts below estimates, $7,-641,324.

Internal revenue below estimates, $22,-614,246.

Total receipts below estimates, $30,000,-000.

Total receipts below expenditures, $44,-949,203.

December estimate of receipts of coming year, $476,907,407.

Present prospect for receipts of coming year, $378,000,000.

Prospective shortage in receipts compared with estimates, $100,000,000.

Prospective shortage in receipts compared with expenses, $72,000,000.

The city of Vienna has had its municipal charter suspended, after over 700 years. This severe step was taken by the Emperor of Austria, because of the fanatical feeling against the Jews, which is so strong that at the last election an anti-Semitic majority was chosen to the council. As the anti-Semites are socialists, the Emperor Francis Joseph at once took the step mentioned above, disolved the municipal council, and appointed an imperial commission to administer the city government. This action is a long step backward toward feudal despotism, and hence to be deplored; but it is equally to be deplored that the people of Vienna should indulge in medieval race prejudices or hatred. It is a blot on civilization. Despotism and bigotry are twins.

Lovers of Robert Burns all over the world will be pleased to know that the monument at Ayr, unveiled in 1891, will be completed by a bronze panel the latter part of next month, representing "The Parting of Burns and Highland Mary," by the noted sculptor, George E. Bissell, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Three sides of the monument have already been filled. The fourth panel, fronting the west, which was left for friends in the United States to complete, will therefore soon be placed. The subscriptions for the panel were secured by Hon. Wallace Bruce, of Brooklyn, N. Y., ex-United States consul at Edinburgh, Scotland.

Here is a puzzle: Some Eastern paper says Ruth Cleveland is a very pretty child and bears a strong resemblance to her father.

Under Republican protection we paid debts instead of creating them, and met the running expenses of the government besides.

Chinch bugs are supplanting silver bugs in several of the Western states.

USE OF SILVER DOLLARS.

The United States Treasury has for years had trouble with silver dollars. The people don't want to handle them, and the officials can not keep the unpopular coin in circulation. By paying expressage, the Treasury manages to get the dollars out into the country, but they will not stay out. Only about $52,000,000 of them are now in circulation—less than one-eighth of the total number coined. The other seven-eighths stay in the Treasury, because the people do not want them.

An intimation comes from Washington that the Treasury proposes to make another effort to get those coins into circulation, by paying off government employes all over the country in silver dollars. It is remarkable that we can keep only 52 millions of these coins passing from hand to hand, while there is over 480 millions of gold coin in constant circulation.

The silver dollars circulate mostly in the South and West, and the reason lies in the fact that bankers in shipping money for redemption to the Sub-Treasuries, or the Treasury direct, have to pay expressage, and to keep this expense to the lowest point possible they continue in circulation just as long as they can all the paper money—$1 and $2 bills—and only when the money becomes so ragged that it is unfit for use do they send it to the Treasury to be redeemed. They ask for silver dollars instead of bills, because the government pays expressage on them, while if they got paper they would have to pay that themselves. Bankers generally report that it is more difficult to put off silver on their customers than it is paper money.

A CASE OF IGNORANCE.

The story has been going the rounds of the papers, apropos of the crass ignorance prevalent on the silver question, that a Democratic editor out West, a furious advocate of free silver at 16 to 1, thought this to mean that there should be sixteen dollars of silver circulation for every dollar in gold. We had supposed that such stupidity could not be found elsewhere, but find we are deceived. Here comes the Fostoria, O., Times, with the following:

The Toledo Blade says that there are only 52 millions silver dollars in circulation while there are 480 millions of gold dollars in active circuation. The Blade evidently doesn't know what it is talking about, but should it be correct the fact remains that in order to perpetuate the ratio there should be 832 millions of dollars in gold in circulation to 52 millions in silver.

Here is the same gross blunder. The ratio of 16 to 1 has no reference whatever to the relative volumes of silver and gold coin in circulation. The Times will please absorb the following facts:

The value of any coin of final redemption depends entirely upon the market value of the metal of which it is composed.

Hence, to have bimetallism, the silver dollar and the gold dollar must be, as bullion, of equal value.

If they are not, the one of less value will become the measure of value, and the other disappear from circulation, because it will be worth more as bullion than as coin.

The ratio of 16 to 1 refers to the amount of bullion in the coins respectively, and not to their numbers. The ratio of 16 to 1 means that the silver in the silver dollar weighs 16 times as much as the gold in the gold dollar.

At present, it takes about 32 ounces of gold to equal one ounce of silver in value.

Hence, free coinage at 16 to 1 would be to give the silver dollar, worth just about half as much as the gold dollar, equal power with gold as money of final depemption.

This would result in a fall to the silver standard. The gold would all go abroad as bullion, the circulation would be decreased that much, and a financial panic such as this country never saw would result.

The Times should endeavor to learn the rudimentary facts of the question before presuming to discuss the matter.

SOME VALUABLE INFORMATION.

We find that many of our readers neglect to read the Question Bureau, on the second page. Turn to it in this number, and read it carefully. For instance, it defies exactly what is meant by free coinage, tells what keeps paper at par; gives the latest about American tin plate mills; tells about Adam's first wife, Lilith; and a mass of other original information on various subjects. It will pay you all to read the Question Bureau regularly every week.

ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES.

The application of the trolley system to ordinary railroads, substituting an electric locomotive for a steam one, bids fair to be rapidly extended. The main question with the companies is whether anything will be gained. The experiments on the Nantasket Beach road indicate that the motor allows frequent stops without sacrifice of a high average speed, and it has been proved that people will ride more freely when they have lower fares and more frequent trains. The Pennsylvania is experimenting with the trolley on suburban lines, and it has already been proposed to run its trains between New York and Philadelphia—ninety-one miles. This would be an excellent line on which to try a long-distance experiment, as it runs through a populous and rich country. Whether it will be done depends entirely on whether the company believes that its patrons will use the additional facilities provided by an electric system. If so, it will change; but if it finds that there is no demand for more than twenty-seven through trains nothing will be gained by substituting the electric motor for the steam locomotive.

The rapidity and the extent of the change from electricity to steam on ordinary railroads will depend largely on the progress of invention in cheapening the production of the electric current. Under present conditions, there is no advantage in electricity from the commercial point of view unless the traffic is practically continuous from fifteen to twenty hours a day. We may, therefore, expect electric transit in the suburban territory of our great cities, and on main lines between large cities from twenty-five to one hundred miles apart, but on roads dependent on but four to twelve trains a day for passenger earnings steam locomotives will be retained. Under such conditions they are highly efficient machines, while electric plants are wasteful. This difference is one that the public seems to have a great deal of difficulty in comprehending. It is a matter which the progress of electrical invention may solve, by cheapening the cost of production and devising more economical modes of long transmission without so large a per cent of waste.

Congressman Patterson is keeping up his sound-money speeches in Tennessee and public sentiment in that state is said to be rapidly changing from free silver to a sound money basis.

NASBY ON SILVER.

The following letter was published in the Weekly Blade in January, 1878, while the Bland silver bill was before Congress:

Mr. Nasby's New Currency Idea.

Confedrit X Roads,
(Wich is in the State uv Kentucky),
January 14, 1878.

I am now satisfied with silver, now that I hev given the subject uv currency that attenshun wich so important a matter demands. I understand that silver kin be prodoost in unlimited quantities in the territories, and that ther ain't reely any limit to the amount that ken be put upon the markit. I also understand, and kin appreshiate the fact, that the man wich is in debt and in distress, and wich is hungrin and thirstin to git out, wich hez suthin, kin make that suthin avaleable by bein able to yoose silver in the payin uv his debts.

But that don't help us uv the Corners. Silver is a parshel releef, but it don't strike that vast army uv men wich ain't got nuthin. Wat good is it to say to me, "Yoo shel be releesed from yoor debts on the payment uv 25 cents on the dollar," when I havn't got the twenty-five cents, and can't see my way clear to git em? It is askin for bred and givin me a stun. It is holdin out false indooserments wich amount to nuthin.

Wat the Corners want and wat the Corners must hev, is a medium wich is more easily procoored than silver. The remonetizashun uv silver wood help out the bonanza men, and them ez hev suthin on wich they kin git silver at the discount it will go to, but that don't do us here in the Corners. For while I wuz advocatin the Silver Bill the other day, and urgin that it wood enable us to pay off debts at a discount, Joe Bigler kum up, and sed he:—

"But Parson, 'spose yoo cood pay off at 75 cents on the dollar with silver. Wher are yoo goin to git the 75 cents?"

That remark uv his opened to me a wide field uv conjecter. Silver won't do for us for it hez some intrinsic valyoo. The dettor class wants to be releeved in hole—not in part. We want a currency wich is avaleable to the meanest ez well ez the noblest.

I sejest leather!

Wat I want is a currency made uv leather. Leather is perdoosed in all the States uv the Yoonion, and is accessible to the most humble citizen uv the Republic. Wherever there is a cow and a tannery, leather kin be perdoosed, and why we shoodent yoose that ez a medium uv exchange, beets me.

What is a dollar? A dollar is a idee. Whatever the Goverment puts its stamp onto is a dollar. The bonanza men in Colorado want the Goverment to put its stamp on silver, and make dolars uv silver, becoz they happen to own the mines wich perdooce silver. They will then deliberately quit floodin ther mines and they will pile out the silver by the ton, and pay off their debts with it, and see their titles cleer to the property they now owe for, and will retire in affluence, and conscious they have done a smart finanshel thing. But wat good will that do us uv the Corners wich can't get ther silver? Wat's the yoose uv sayin to a starvin person that he kin get bred at 5 cents a loaf if he hezn't got the 5 cents? We hain't got 75 cents on the dollar uv wat we owe, and the passage uv the silver bill is only goin to help the parshelly peeoonius.

Wat we want is full and entire releef. We want a currency wich we ourselves kin furnish, and that I am going to move for. I want silver coined and made legle tender for the benefit uv the West, and I want leather coined and made legle tender for the benefit uv the Middle States and the East. In this holy croosade agin the creditor class I insist that all seckshuns shall start fair, and that no one seckshun shell hev an advantage over the other.

I want leather coined into dollars. I want every man which hez a side uv first rate sole-leather to hev the privilege uv depositin it in a mint uv the Yoonited States, and hevin it stamped into pieces wich shel represent dollars, and that them dollars shel be legal tender for any debt, public or private, that he may owe.

Understand me, I am no Indiashunist, nor do I desire to injer the public credit. I desire that everything shel go along smoothly and properly. And to that end I shel insist that—

1st—The leather shel be sole, uv first quality, hemlock-tanned, and entirely merchantable.

2d—That it shel not be in the power uv everybody to coin leather. I won't hev every man wich kin git a punch and a stamp makin his own money, for then ther wood be an over-ishoo. To prevent that I shel require that the coinin uv leather shel be done at regularly institooted Government mints, and by nobody else. So much to protect the currency.

3d—To perfect the people and be shoor that the stuff currency shall be furnisht to supply the wants uv trade, I insist that every man wich kills a bull shel be privileged to hev the hide tanned, and shel be allowed to take that hide, when tanned, to a mint and hev it stamped into money, each piece to weigh so much, and that when the government stamp is onto it, it shel be legle tender for a dollar.

The simple process by which we equalize the East with the West. Silver kin be lifted out in Colorado and them seeshuns ez easily ez cattle kin be killed in the East, and ez they want ther mejum with wich to pay ther debts, uv course we want our to pay ours. We hev cattle and they hev silver. I am willin they shall make legle tender uv their silver—I want to make legle tender uv a small part uv our cattle. Ef it is urged that it will pervent our hevin sich shoes ez we ought to hev, my anser is ready. The Corners hevn't worn shoes to any extent for a great many years. The Corners hez other yoose for its money.

The advantages uv this medium are obvious. While we want more money we want money that anybody kin git hold uv. When we ask for a finanshel fish wat is the use uv offerin us a stun uv silver? Ef we ain't got the silver we are ez bad off ez before. We want to pay our debts and git out. Leather is attainable by the most humble. He is a poor man indeed who hezn't got a bull to kill, and when kin sell the carcass and coin the hide he kin pay. Then he is so vest. Then he kin start new and go into debt agin conshus that the means uv payment are alluz within his reech. The government stamp unto it pertects it and makes it good, and what more does any one want?

Do I heer a carper say that other countries won't take leather currency? Wat do we, which are in debt, care about other countries? My decline hev never bin in furrin countries. I deel prinsipally with Bascom, and ef I kin hev a currency wich will pay him, I don't keer for much else. Wat I want is suthin that will stimoolate trade here and let me out. That done everything is done so fur ez I am concerned, and wat do I keer for anything else? Nothin.

It seems to me that this settles the currency question entirely, and that ther is nothin more to be said. Give us not only a double but a treble currency. Let us hev gold, silver and leather. Only make em all legle tender, and help us out here in the East the same ez yoo do them in the West. Give leather a show for us, the same ez yoo do silver for them in the West. And especialy ez silver in the West kin be perdoosed fust ez cheepiy ez leather kin in the East. Wat I want is fair play. In the gineral scoop I want my show.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Finanseer.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts is apparently the most popular soldier in England, his picture bing in the greatest demand.

Miss Maltby, formerly a teacher in Wellesley, is now a student in Goettingen Univeristy, and will receive a degree during the present summer.

When Mme. Rachel saw her stout sister dressed for the part of a shepherdess her coment was: "Sarah, dear, you look like a shepherdess who has just dined on the flock."

One of the oddest combination in names imaginable may be found in Pleasantville, Marion county, Iowa, one of whose citizens rejoices in the praenomen and cognomen of Fish Lines.

A young painter of Cassel recently washed the bronze monument of Spohr with hydrochloric acid. He was horrified to find that it turned the statue green, but the people vote the color a great artistic success.

The late Sultan of Johore resembled a Spaniard more than a Hindoo, and he had clean-cut, kindly features. In official attire he wore diamonds worth $10,000,000, but ordinarily he affected simple English dress. He spoke French, German and English extremely well.

In replying to a toast at a recent dinner Bismarck closed his remarks with the words: "You said that long life was a great blessing. But it is not always so. I have had more than enough. My wife has abandoned me." While he was saying this a tear rolled down his cheek.

S. R. Crockett, whom the "Stickit Minister" made famous, has now an assured income of $25,000 a year, and he is said to have contracted to do literary work to keep his pen busy for the rest of the cetury. Only recently he occupied a pulpit in a Scotch village church on a salary of $1,200.

Matthew Boulton and James Watt's Soho foundry at Birmingham, where Watt worked out his idea of the steam engine, after an existence of 133 years, is now idle, and will soon be broken up and dismantled. At one time it employed 4,000 men, but its business died away, and when it closed its doors it had only 400.

Charles C. Harrison has given $500,000 to the University of Pennsylvania in honor of his father, the late George L. Harrison, LL. D. Mr. Harrison stipulates that the fund shall be known as "The George L. Harrison Foundation for the Encouragement of Liberal Studies and the Advancement of Knowledge."

Paving and Municipal Engineering has collected figures from the public engineers of 300 American cities with over 10,000 inhabitants, and the total shows that this summer will see the sum of $200,000,000 spent for paving, sewerage, water works and bridge building. Last year the expenditure for similar work was less than one-fourth of this amount.

Senator David B. Hill is spending the early summer at Normandie-by-the-Sea, near Long Branch. He is fond of a ride behind a pair of fine trotters, but he objects to a faster gait than 2:40.

Lawyer J. A. Crain, of Freeport, Ill., has a relic in the form of a writ issued in 1835 by Joseph Duncan, governor of Illinois, to the sheriff of Washington county, calling an election for state senator.

Prince Bismarck has given to the Gray Friars' school in Berlin, where he was a student when a boy, a young oak from Sachsenwald, near Friedrichsruhe, to be planted in the school play ground.

Baron Edmond Rothschild has bought for $10,000 and presented to the Louvre the Boscoreale treasure, consisting of silver articles found at Pompeii, which the Boston museum was trying to purchase.

The Iowa historical collection has received a photograph of the late Senator James F. Wilson, taken by Brady in Washington several months ago. A copy in oil is being made for the library at Fairfield, and it is highly probable that the family will have a copy made to be hung up in the state house.

Andrew Scott, one of the Gravesend conspirators and a henchman of McKane, was released from jail on Tuesday. For a week his friends prepared for the event, and when the executable stepped from prison he was given an ovation and unlimited supplies of wine all the way to his home.

The 3-months-old son of Reed B. Force of Burlington, N. J., was weighed on his birthday and tipped the scales at exactly two pounds and eight ounces. A pair of shoes was presented to the child by a shoemaker. The sole of one of the shoes measured two inches and a quarter. The midget is in excellent health.

Worcester, Mass., the other day had a distinguished visitor in the person of Dr. Cornelius Kollock, of Cheraw, S. C., one of the most eminent surgeons in the southern states, who was paying a visit to an old classmate of Brown university, Hon. Ell Thayer. These two gentlemen are members of the class of 1846, and it was the second time they have met since they graduated. There are but thirteen of the class living.

Sergent Edward O'Brien was in charge of Fort Moultrie for years succeeding the close of the war between the states. Sergeant O'Brien was exceedingly popular with the residents of Moultrieville, and when he and his family went to Pensacola about 22 years since hundreds of admiring friends regretted their departure. Sergeant O'Brien, though honorably retired from the army and advanced in years, is still hale and hearty.

Rear Admiral F. M. Ramsey will soon leave the navy department for rest by a month's vacation in the Blue Ridge mountains, returning in time to take charge of the navy department when Secretary Herbert goes away for a long cruise on the Dolphin. It is the secretary's present intention to board the dispatch boat at Washington July 18 and visit in turn the important naval stations of the Atlantic coast from Virginia to Maine.

One of the early settlers of north Georgia who built the third house in Marthasville, is dying in Temple, Ga. His name is Jourdan S. Lurry, of French-German descent. He lately wrote the following: "I now, in my ninety-fourth year, give up all my tools to the rising generation, as my time in this world will soon be over, according to nature. I leave this for my family and friends to look over when I am no more on this earth. My wife and I lived together sixty odd years, but two years ago she was called to go to the better world leaving me, with children and grandchildren as my only comfort."

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

The empress of Japan is a power for good in her country. She has done much for the cause of education among the women of Japan, and insists upon a high standard of morality and good feeling. She is at the head of the Red Cross society in her country, for which she has been able to accomplish much.

Mme. De Pompadour was not a beauty, nor anything more than a fairly attractive looking woman. She gained her influence by her pleasing manners and her wonderful tact and address. Her chief beauty was her hair, which, to increase her apparent height, she wore in the fashion that has since borne her name.

Four times within the past week Mrs. William McDowell, a New York lady, has been within imminent danger of death from runaway horses, and in every case escaped without hurt. Whether or not Mrs. McDowell is the luckiest or unluckiest of living women would make a good question for a debating society to discuss.

Kate Field says in a published card: "I do not wear bloomers. I have never mounted a bicycle, and my costume in no way departs from that worn by the rest of the world, the others and myself sweep the streets when I walk. When I learn to ride a bicycle it will not be to parade on thoroughfares, or to make myself conspicuous." Verily, Miss Field is a crank.

The empress dowager of Austria has been distributing among her most intimate friends all her court costumes and light colored dresses. She says pathetically that she will never feel gay enough to wear colored dresses again. The empress caused her wedding dress to be cut up and made into a set of priestly garments for a church in Pesth.

Lady Mary Hamilton Douglas, the 17-year-old daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, will be one of the richest heiresses of the age. Her father could not leave her his titles, but left her the bulk of his property, including the isle of Arran, which is larger than the isle of Wight. Her income now is $300,000 a year, and will be $1,250,000 by the time she comes of age.

Two young and pretty English girls arrived recently from the other side, and have opened a small florist shop in Twenty-fourth street, New York, where they are happy to make any one as pretty a bouquet as he wants; will pin it on in the most approved style; will receive his money with the pleasantest "thank yous," and bow him out with a most bewitching smile.

A woman in Des Moines, who is a very bright writer and much relishes a joke, tells this one at her own expense. She had prepared an article for the press, in which she had made use of the expression the "Lethean vale." She confesses to feeling that she had achieved a literary triumph in this term, and it is a picnic to hear her tell of her astonishment and chagrin when it stared her in cold print as the "leather veil."

Ever since that young lady won fame by handing her brandy flask to Governor Morton when he was overcome at the Decoration day review in New York city, the new woman has been purchasing the flask that revives and likewise knocks out if not used with discretion. A manufacturer of these dainty little contrivances has been compelled to double his force and enlarge his [illegible] since that lively [illegible] a special.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The Weekly Blade Three Months

Only Ten Cents!

In Clubs of Ten or More Names at a Time.

With Valuable Premium for Each Ten Names,

And Ten Grand Prizes Besides!

Read the Following---The Best Offer The Blade Ever Made:

Referring to the several announcements on the fourth page of this paper, of our intention for special educational matter on the silver question, presented in a plain way for plain people, we think every reader of the Toledo Weekly Blade will agree with us that we should have at least a quarter of a million additional readers during the next few months.

And we are determined that the Blade shall have the largest circulation it ever had in its history. Not for a matter of profit, but for the general good of the public. At the price we announce we will not be paid for the white paper, postage and labor, but we shall at least make the Blade well talked about in every county and village of the whole Union.

Our plans this summer contemplate the publication of matter which will be of absorbing interest to every voter in the United States. Every one must have HONEST information on the silver issue previous to the great Presidential campaign next year. We believe we can set forth this subject in such a manner that the busiest person may become perfectly familiar with the entire subject, so that he will understand which side he should take when the question comes up for the test in the next political campaign. On the fourth page we have clearly stated our intentions on this matter.

Besides this, we shall publish a very interesting family newspaper, with one or two serial stories, and lots of other interesting and useful matter for "all members of every family."

Now we propose to offer the Weekly Blade, in clubs of ten or more at a time, for only

Ten Cents for Three Months.

This offer is made during the months of June, July and August only. For every ten names sent us, we shall give the sender of the club a 25-cent book, such as he may select from the list given elsewhere.

We want every reader of The Blade, every person who receives a sample copy of it, and every person who may otherwise receive from us this announcement, to do what they can toward sending us clubs from their respective localities.

There is no postoffice in the United States so small but can send in at least one club of ten names. An ordinary village or thrifty town can supply dozens of such clubs, while large towns can send in names by the hundred.

We desire all clubs made up of at least ten names; but should the club run larger, a book will be sent for each multiple of ten. Whoever sends a club of sixty names, for instance, can select six books from the list, and so on.

You see it will therefore be possible, during the three summer months, to obtain nearly, or quite all, the sixty-odd books we announce. It will be observed, we pay for these clubs as fast as they are sent us, by mailing one book for each ten names. We allow no cash commission, and ten cents net must be sent for each name.

Remittances must be made in current funds. Do not send postage stamps or checks on country banks. Send a draft on New York, Chicago or Toledo, or send postoffice order or express order or currency by registered mail.

In addition to the above premiums we offer for these clubs, we will also give

Ten Grand Prizes

To be awarded at the close of the summer season, which will be on September 1, to the ten persons who send us the largest number of subscribers during June, July and August.

1.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending the largest list of names during the summer. Price, $18.

2.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the second largest list. Price, $18.

3.—ONE BLADE SEWING MACHINE to the person sending us the third largest list. Price, $18.

4.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fourth largest list. Price, $15.75.

5.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the fifth largest list. Price, $15.75.

6.—ONE HUNTING CASED GOLD WATCH (described as No. 1 in the Blade's Watch list), Elgin or Waltham movement, to the person sending us the sixth largest list. Price, $15.75.

7.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the seventh largest list. Price, $9.25.

8.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the eighth largest list. Price, $9.25.

9.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the ninth largest list. Price, $9.25.

10.—ONE BLADE DECORATED DINNER SET, 108 pieces, to the person sending us the tenth largest list. Price, $9.25.

Number Your Names Consecutively.

Be sure and number the names consecutively, from No. 1 on your first club, down to the total number in your last club, so that we can tell at a glance, on September 1, how many names you have sent during the summer.

You see you will get your pay in books, as you go along, for all the names you send us, and besides you also stand the chance of getting one of these prizes. Hence the importance of numbering the names as you send them in.

With each club that you send, we want one of our coupons inclosed, as an evidence that you are entitled to the book premium. Those who receive our postal card announcement, may return the postal card with their first club. With all subsequent clubs be sure to inclose a coupon, which will be found at the end of this advertisement. This is important, in order to insure the mailing of your premium book.

You will find it easy work and full of exciting interest, to take names for the Blade at 10 cents. Some member of every family can find time for this work, and in setting out for a club of 10 you will be surprised to see that 40 or 50 names can easily be obtained in a few hours.

Sample Copies.

Send for all the sample copies of The Blade that you want for this work. Send us the names and addresses of all your friends, and we will cheerfully mail them sample copies.

We want everybody, men of all parties, to read The Blade this summer. How many scores of names can be obtained in your town? Drop us a postal card and tell us what you think can be done in your neighborhood. We would like to hear from everybody their ideas of the success of this offer in their neighborhood.

We suggest that you send, within a week, the first club of 10 to 20 names, and afterward follow up the matter with at least one club every week during June, July and August.

Address all letters,

THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

CUT THIS OUT AND INCLOSE WITH YOUR CLUB.

Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Good for a choice of One Book for EACH TEN NAMES.

BOOK PREMIUMS FOR THREE MONTHS' CLUBS.

As announced elsewhere, for every ten three months' subscribers sent us between now and September 1, we will mail a choice of the following list of books. They are not trashy cheap books, but printed with large size type on good paper, substantially bound in enameled paper covers. Furthermore, they are all of a high grade of literature. We first offer "The Nasby Letters" so long as our stock lasts. We have but a few hundred copies left. Or, the choice of any of the following 67 books. Name your selections when you send your clubs, and books will be immediately forwarded postpaid by mail.

1.—The Reveries of a Bachelor, or, A Book of the Heart, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
2.—Lays of Ancient Rome, by Lord Macaulay.
3.—A Tillotson Scandal, by J. M. Barrie.
4.—The House of the Seven Gables, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
5.—Cranford, by Mrs. Gaskell.
6.—The Coming Race, by Lord Lytton.
7.—Dream Life, by Ik. Marvel (Donald G. Mitchell).
8.—Frankenstein; or the Modern Prometheus. Mrs. Shelley.
9.—A Book of Golden Deeds, by C. M. Yonge.
10.—Mosses from an Old Manse, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
11.—The Scarlet Letter, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
12.—Essays of Elia, by Charles Lamb.
13.—Vicar of Wakefield, by Oliver Goldsmith.
14.—Twice-Told Tales, by Nathaniel Hawthorne.
15.—Paul and Virginia, by Bernardin de Saint Pierre.
16.—Story of an African Farm, by Olive Schreiner.
17.—Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers, by Wm. E. Aytoun.
18.—Lucile, by Owen Meredith.
19.—Dreams, by Olive Schreiner.
20.—Black Beauty, by Anna Sewell.
21.—One of the Profession, by White.
22.—Sartor Resartus, by Thomas Carlyle.
23.—The Idylls of the King, by the late Lord Tennyson.
24.—The Pleasures of Life, by Sir J. Lubbock, Bart.
25.—The Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott.
26.—Mornings in Florence, by John Ruskin, L. D.
27.—Rab and his Friends, by Dr. John Brown.
28.—Whittier's Poems, by J. Greenleaf Whittier.
29.—The Greatest Thing in the World and Other Addresses, by Prof. Henry Drummond.
30.—Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore.
31.—Longfellow's Poems.
32.—In Memoriam, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
33.—The Princess, by Alfred Lord Tennyson.
34.—Rasselas, by Samuel Johnson.
35.—Selections from Robert Browning.
36.—Past and Present, by Thomas Carlyle.
37.—Meditations of Marcus Aurelius Antonius.
38.—Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thos. Carlyle.
39.—Tales from Shakespeare, by Charles Lamb. First Series.
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42.—Queen of the Air, by John Ruskin.
43.—Premium Cook Book, by Marian Harland and Others.
44.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 1, by George Eliot.
45.—The Mill on the Floss. Part 2, by George Eliot.
46.—Romola. Part 1, by George Eliot.
47.—Romola. Part 2, by George Eliot.
48.—Lowell's Poems, by James Russell Lowell.
49.—Emerson's Essays, First Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
50.—Emerson's Essays, Second Series, by Ralph Waldo Emerson.
51.—Ethics of the Dust, John Ruskin.
52.—Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.
53.—Lorna Doone. Part 1, by R. D. Blackmore.
54.—Lorna Doone. Part 2, by R. D. Blackmore.
55.—The Light of Asia, by Arnold.
56.—Last Essays of Elia, by C. Lamb.
57.—Vanity Fair. Part 1, by Thackeray.
58.—Vanity Fair. Part 2, by Thackeray.
59.—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron.
60.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 1, by Susan Warner.
61.—The Wide, Wide World. Part 2, by Susan Warner.
62.—Crown of Wild Olive, by Ruskin.
63.—John Halifax. Part 1, by Mulock.
64.—John Halifax. Part 2, by Mulock.
65.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 1, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
66.—Uncle Tom's Cabin. Part 2, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.
67.—Discourses of Epictetus, with Notes translated by George Long.

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers of The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember,) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver, which so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived. It is indestructible does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1 25
½ dozen teaspoons	80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2 35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1 35
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2 00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1 —
½ dozen table knives	2 25
dozen table knives	4 25

These are made in only the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

Hebrews in the Soudan.

Jewish merchants from Southern Morocco have been swarming to Timbuctoo and settling there since the town came into French hands. In the past the fanaticism of the inhabitants was such that neither Jews nor Christians could enter the town. It is the first city in the Soudan where Jews have settled.

Once is Enough for Her.

A wise woman will never use her husband's meerschaum for a tack hammer more than once.—New York World.

"COIN'S FINANCIAL SCHOOL."

AN EXAMINATION OF THE ARGUMENTS IT ADVANCES,

And a Discussion of the Propositions It Lays Down.

It will be remembered by all who have read "Coin's Financial School," that the author labors to prove that the silver dollar was the "unit" from 1792 to 1873; that the gold was measured by the silver unit, and concurrent powers as money given it; and that all the woes and troubles that are alleged to have fallen upon the people since then have been due to the establishment of the single gold standard by the coinage law of 1873.

How could there have been bimetallism by the act of 1792, unless the values of the dollar in both metals were coequal? Monometallism is the measurement of values in one metal. If Coin's contention is true as to the unit, then we were on the silver standard all that time, instead of a bimetallic one.

Look at the case now. We possess ten times as much legal tender silver as was coined from 1792 to 1873. Gold is the standard, and this silver is measured by the gold unit and given concurrent powers as money. If Coin's definition of bimetallism is right, then we have bimetallism to-day.

But Coin is wrong. The unit was named the dollar; that was given expression in coinage in both silver and gold; 24 3-4 grains of pure gold, or 371 1-4 grains of pure silver was the value of the unit in either metal.

A number of well-meaning persons have written to us to inquire why, if gold was also the standard, there was no "unit," or dollar, of gold. They are, they say, unable to see how there can be a unit if it be not coined. As the silver dollar was coined, it must, they think, have been the unit, and therefore Coin's first position must be true.

To these sincere inquirers let us say a word.

You agree that the gold dollar is now the unit, and has been since 1873, don't you?

We know you will say "yes," for even Coin admits this.

Well, do you know that not a single gold dollar has been coined since 1890?

Do you know that in that year Congress passed a law to discontinue its coinage?

It is the act of September 26, 1890, which you can find on page 73 of "Coinage Laws of the United States, 1792 to 1894," an official publication of the United States government. It says that "from and after the passage of this act, the coinage of the $3 gold piece, the $1 gold piece, and the 3-cent nickel be, and the same is hereby, prohibited, and the pieces named shall not be struck or issued by the mint of the United States."

The next section says that "as fast as the said coins shall be paid into the Treasury of the United States they shall be withdrawn from circulation and be recoined into other denominations of coins."

Do you ever see any gold dollars in circulation? No. There are a few kept by individuals as curiosities, but that is all.

Hence the gold dollar is the unit, but there is no gold dollar coin. Do you see?

The unit is the number of grains of pure gold; the coin is that amount coined.

So there can be a gold unit without a coin to represent it, you see.

There was no use in two $1 coins, one of gold and one of silver. The gold dollar was too small to be convenient; so the dollar was coined of silver—but the unit was both of gold and of silver, as stated above.

Now, for Coin's second contention—that the silver dollar was the unit of value of our coinage system down to 1873.

We have already shown the variation in the absolute values of the gold and the silver dollar; that while they were exactly together at the coinage ratio in 1783, they soon separated, the silver becoming relatively the cheaper.

We showed the effect of this was, that as soon as the gold dollar was worth a couple of cents more as bullion than the silver dollar, our gold drifted abroad as bullion, or was melted up for goldsmiths' use.

What was the effect of this?

Simply that values were measured in silver, and, despite the letter of the law, the actual business of the country was done on a silver basis. We were like the man standing on one leg—the silver leg.

But what was the actual unit? For you remember Jefferson stopped the coinage of silver dollars in 1805, and none were coined from then until 1836—thirty-five years—after the new coinage law of 1834 had been passed.

The actual business unit was the worn silver dollar—Mexican and Spanish.

This lasted till the coinage act of 1834. By that the silver dollar was overvalued. The coinage ratio was fixed at 16 to 1, while the actual market ratio was about 15.7 to 1.

Small as was the difference it caused our silver to go abroad, and gold to come here. We proved this, giving authorities.

What was the effect of this?

Simply that the actual business of the country was on a gold basis. The gold dollar was the unit of values—though not a gold dollar was coined until 1849. Our silver dollars went abroad as fast as coined. So did the bulk of the half-dollars, quarter-dollars, etc., for at that time they were full weight—that is, the half-dollar contained half the amount of pure silver in the dollar, and so on.

To stop this, the act of February 21, 1853, reduced the amount of pure silver in these smaller silver coins, and reduced them to token money, so that they would stay in the country, and not be exported as bullion.

These are indisputable facts. What then becomes of Coin's contention?

Now, for some of the omissions from Coin's statements.

He makes no mention of paper money; yet in all these years, from 1792 to 1873, paper money formed the great bulk of our circulating medium. It was the era of state banks, all issuing notes. There are plenty of men now living who recall the vast variety of notes, and know that every merchant had a "Bank Note Detector," which described minutely the designs on the notes of every bank. This era lasted until the passage of the national banking law; and from that time till 1878 our currency was entirely paper. From 1792 down to 1873 the greatest part of our currency was paper.

Another omission is to pass over in silence the great financial panics in the period from 1792 to 1873.

The first of these was in 1819, the final outcome of the derangement of prices caused by the war of 1812.

The second was that of 1837. There was brisk speculation in public lands, and the banks, in response to the increased demand for money, largely increased their issues. In 1836, President Jackson issued his "Specie Circular," ordering the government agents to receive only gold and silver (specie) in payment of land sales. This caused the presentation of notes to the banks issuing them, for redemption in coin. A general suspension of specie payments resulted in 1837, and a commercial crash greater in its evil effects than any in our history.

If Coin's imaginary bimetallism was so benign in its effects, why had we not an abundance of gold and silver, so that we would not need so much in bank notes?

The next panic was that of 1857, which also involved a suspension of specie payments by the banks. It was followed by the usual business depression, thousands of workingmen out of work, etc. Look at Coin's picture on page 21, and the right-hand picture gives a vivid illustration of the effects of the panics of 1819, 1837 and 1857 on the working people—and all in this halycon period from 1792 to 1893!

That is to say, Coin has presumed on the ignorance of the people who read his book. He has tried to make it appear that the period from 1792 to 1873 was one of steady prosperity to all, and that this was because of the coinage law of 1792; and that since 1873 the country has been going to the dogs, because we have been on the gold standard.

He has not made a case. The facts are against him. He has painted a pretty picture, but it is not true to life. It is false—utterly false.

In a similar way, he falsifies concerning the coinage act of 1873. He tries to make it appear that it was a stealthy and corrupt measure. We have already given the facts concerning its passage and named the pages of the Congressional Globe on which the quotations can be found. We challenge any one to bring any historic fact on the other side.

The cold facts of the act of 1873 was that there was no coin in circulation in the country except copper cents; we even had fractional currency of paper, down to 5-cent notes. The secretary of the treasury thought it a good time to remodel and codify our coinage laws. After long discussion, and the action of two different congresses, it was done.

The silver dollar was dropped from our coinage, leaving the gold dollar the unit. Why was the silver dollar dropped?

It was clear that we had tried bimetallism—using both metals as the unit—with the result that the change in their relative values made one the standard and drove the other metal out of the countrty.

It was clear that the act of 1834 had put us practically on the gold basis. This was understood even at the time; and in 1853, when the silver dollar was worth $1.05 in gold, the act of February 21 was before congress, the same statement was made on the floor of the house by Mr. Dunham, who reported that bill from the committee. He said:

"Another objection urged against this proposed change is that it gives us a standard of gold only. What advantage is to be obtained by a standard of the two metals, which is not as well, if not better, obtained by a single standard, I am unable to perceive; while there are great disadvantages resulting from it, as the experience of every nation which has attempted to maintain it has proved. Gentlemen talk about a double standard of gold and silver as a thing that exists, and that we propose to change. We have had but a single standard for the last three or four years. That has been, and now is, gold. We propose to let it remain so, and to adapt silver to it, to regulate it by it."—Congressional Globe, Appendix, 2d session, 32d congress, p. 190.

And this in the period in which Coin declares that the silver dollar was the unit!

The matter was discussed considerably by congress, and Mr. Dunham, who had charge of the bill, said this in reference to another plan that was proposed:

"We would thereby still continue the double standard of gold and silver, a thing the committee desires to obviate. They desire to have the standard currency to consist of gold only, and that these silver coins shall be entirely subservient to it, and that they shall be used rather as tokens than as standard money."—Congressional Globe, Appendix, 2d session, 32d congress, p. 190.

Well, with these positive statements of Mr. Dunham ringing in their ears, Congress passed that bill, and it became a law. It was the measure which reduced the quantity of silver in the minor coins.

Now, that was the attitude of the leading men in Congress in 1853, and it was the same in 1873. Wise men saw the general preference for gold as the standard; Germany had already done so, in 1871 (Coin says falsely in 1873), and we joined her in this. The other nations dropped into line. Austria was the last to do so, only a year and a half ago.

No one can say the law of 1873 was stealthily passed. Some of the 16-to-1 people seem to think it was, because there was not a great row raised about it in the newspapers. The reason was, there was no opposition to it. The silver mining interests of the West had not become great, and the decline in silver had not made it a selfish object with them to have the government find a market for their product.

We shall next take up the enormous blunder Coin makes in his "fourth lesson," regarding credits and credit money.

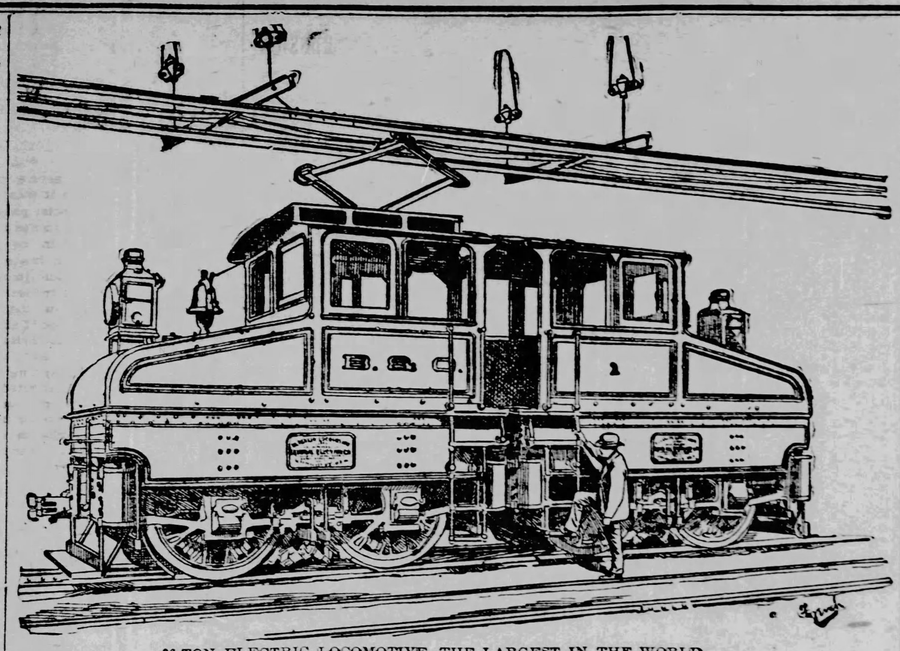
A Horse That Weeds the Garden.

Henry Moore, a planter living near this point, has a valuable riding horse, Kit, which he has trained to do light garden work in a unique way when not on duty under the saddle.

When Kit was a young colt he had the misfortune to sprain his knee in racing and romping about the pasture, and to give him careful attention and keep him well out of harm's way his master put him in the garden to take things easy till his recovery. Moore's garden, like the average one in this section, sometimes gets overrun with cocoa grass, and having occasion to chop it out pretty frequently, he hit upon the plan by which he might be relieved of this almost endless work during Kit's confinement.

The colt had always seemed remarkably quick and intelligent, and with a very little training Moore taught him to pull grass as cleverly and neatly as it could be done by hand. In a short while Kit was engaged as regular gardener, as if were, keeping the beds as clean as the floor and piling the grass in the walks, to be removed by barrows. —Englewood (Ala.) correspondence Philadelphia Times.

A Boston police captain is responsible for the statement that not one murderer has escaped the police of that city in the last year.



96-TON ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD

BALTIMORE'S ELECTRICAL GIANT

THE NINETY-TON LOCOMOTIVE FOR THE TUNNEL.

Pulled a Steam Locomotive Up and Down the Track at Will.

In these days of electrical inventions nothing new is surprising, especially in the matter of transportation. It is scarcely seven years since the first successful demonstration of the electric motor to city transit, and yet today there is at Baltimore an electric locomotive vying in size, power and speed with the heaviest steam locomotive in existence.

This ponderous machine, for it weighs ninety-six tons, is the first one completed of two being built by the General Electric company for the Baltimore & Ohio railroad. It is to be used in the new tunnel at Baltimore to draw both passenger and freight trains. The electrical service will not be put in complete operation until the second machine arrives.

The test of the first completed truck, representing one-half of the locomotive, was recently made on the tracks at the Schenectady shops of the General Electric company. In order to obtain the necessary load a heavy six-wheel engine was made use of and the electric locomotive truck coupled to it. The machines were then sent in opposite directions, tugging at the connecting coupling as in a tug of war. The electric locomotive had a slight advantage over the steam engine in weight on the driving wheels, and pulled it up and down the track with apparent ease.

For the same weight upon the drivers it was shown that the electric locomotive starts a greater load than the steam locomotive. The pull being constant throughout the entire evolution of the wheel, the difficulty of variation of pull with the angle crank, as in the steam locomotive, is eliminated. The test also proved that not only are the motors sufficiently powerful, but that the driving mechanism and armature couplings are amply strong to transmit the torque of the armature to the axle. Each motor is rated at 360 horse power, and takes a normal current of 900 amperes.

The eight driving wheels are of cast steel, pressed and keyed to the axle, and have tires three inches thick at the centers of thread shrunk on to the wheel centers. The driving axles are of special open hearth steel. In design the good features of the steam locomotive—the driving box and passenger car box—are embodied.

The gearless motors are four in number, two to each truck, supported on carriers bolted to the field magnets and resting in adjustable hangers carried on half elliptical springs placed on top of the frame and bumpers. They are of pyramidal shape, the largest railway motors in the world, and yet not so bulky as might be expected from the heavy work they have to perform. The entire motor is practically fireproof.

The cab is of steel sheet, and so that an unobstructed view may be had in all directions four drop windows are provided on the side and two on each end. The doors slide laterally on large rollers. The cab's interior is illuminated by clusters of incandescent lights.

The current is brought to the locomotive by means of cables connected to the sliding, shuttle-like shoe of brass and fastened to the trolley support. The conductor, which is a reversed iron conduit or trough erected overhead—on trussee in the open, and in the tunnel attached to the crown of the arch—is directly over the center of the track.

The locomotive is equipped with a 1,200 to 3,500 automatic circuit breaker, one 2,000 ampere magnetic cut-out, a 5,000 ampere illuminated dial, Weston volt meter. The compressed air for the whistle and brakes is supplied by an oscillating cylinder electric air pump. The air tanks are placed at each end of the locomotive.

Electric locomotives of such weight and power have never before been constructed, but it has always been a rule in American electric railway practice to push ahead where improvements were possible and make the results realize the expectations. The ninety-six ton locomotive is a success.

MONKEY AND PARROT TALES.

A DEALER WHO BELIEVES THERE IS A MONKEY LANGUAGE.

How a South American Alligator Got the Worst of a Fight.

On Madison street, off La Salle, mopes all day a disconsolate widow, says the Chicago Chronicle. In the crowds passing and repassing she has no interest, and their admiring gaze can no longer gladden her heart, since the one who once shared this glory with her is no more. She mourns a loving and true husband, who gave his life in her defense. They were a very happy family from South America, and of the dog-faced breed of monkeys. The cage was shared by a bear cub, but one night the cub seized the wife of his host. Her screams aroused her husband, and he came to her rescue; he saved her life, but died upon the field. For some days after the murder of her spouse she had great newspaper notoriety, and the press of the union lauded the dead hero. She is modest in her grief, and does not disturb her neighbors with her weeping. She sits calmly and with dignity upon the floor of her cage, now and then tenderly petting some little stranger from the south. She is known as "the widow," and is an object of great respect and consideration.

"I have been in the business all my life," said the proprietor of the store, "and the more I see of monkeys the more convinced I am that they have a thorough system of communication by words. I have watched them in their native haunts and in captivity, and I have seen them sit in council and hatch out their plots. I have seen, too, a few club together to play a job on another clique. I was talking late-

IS IT CONSCIENTIOUSNESS?

ly with an exporter and he recited a scene that he witnessed. This is no fish story. You know that monkeys and alligators are great enemies. This happened on some little stream in South America. There was a great sluggish alligator that held a place near a large tree partly overhanging the river. This tree was the great resort of the monkeys. One day the big alligator nabbed two of the monkeys and swallowed them. My! but the rest of the monkeys were angry! They came from allp arts of the forest and held a great council. There was testing of strength to find the strongest, and, at length, the most ablebodied men were discovered.

"They searched then, and got a hard club. After that up the tree they go, and make a chain of themselves, hanging downward over the river, the strongest of all at the end. Then a little monkey runs down the chain, and hands the club to the end man and he gets off again. The big fat alligator smells the monkeys near the water.

"Up he puts his big head to get a nab at them, but whack comes the club upon his head from the big monkey at the end of the chain. But the alligator both his eyes were knocked out.

"You liked that story? Yes, that is a good story—I like it because it is the truth. I know the man who watched the fight. Well, I'll tell you a monkey story from New York; true one, too.

"You see that baboon-faced little fellow in the cage with the widow. I know a man who has two monkeys like that. You know a monkey and a dog are enemies, and the monkey always gets the best of a fight. One day into my friend's store, comes a great bulldog. That bulldog was a great fighter, and no other dog

THE JUDGE.

could stand before him. The man with this dog says to my friend, 'Here's a dog that can get away with your two monkeys at once.'

"My friend says: 'All right, you can try them.'

"They put the dog against the monkeys. Out the dog made for them. Up jumped the monkeys, and one of them takes an iron bar off the counter, and down he comes on the side of the dog's head, and lays the big fellow dead on the floor.

"You want to know what I think of monkeys? Seeing them and studying their ways made me believe in Darwin. Some people say they have but instinct—I tell you they have intelligence and they reason and study and argue things out.

"Now, there are parrots. Scientists will tell you that they don't understand what they say, and that they don't know a bad word from a good one. They do; and they like the bad ones best, it seems, because they are bad.

"There is that big green fellow up there. You just make him mad and you'll see how he will insult you. If he did not understand words how could he tell an insult from any other arrangement of words? Of course, he can't say anything bad or profane, because he never heard such talk, but I don't know anybody who can give a sharper insult."

The bird spoken of looked very sourly at the speaker, and the feathers of the neck ruffled.

"If you would like to have a little commercial gossip about birds and snakes," the dealer said, "I can give you some. Perhaps you don't know what a great business this is, and how it has increased in Chicago the last few years. Until lately, New York entirely monopolized the trade, being on the coast, you know. Now much of the shipping is done by rail up through Mexico. This is carried to Chicago. Chicago has become the great distributing point to eastern portions and clear on to the Pacific coast. Orders come heavily. There are very few people who realize the enormous amount of birds and animals shipped to and from this city. Since January alone $20,000 worth of parrots have passed through our hands, not to speak of all the other birds and pets. When I came to Chicago eight years ago this business amounted to nothing. To-day I can say Chicago supplies the greater portion of this country."

"What I think of monkeys," said a dealer further up Madison street, "is that they are the most cowardly things on earth. They are the greatest bluffers. Just watch me now with this cage. When I act brave they cower—if I act timid, they try to scratch me."

He put his hand very boldly into the cage and the monkeys shrank timidly into one corner.

"See how brave they can get," he said, and he withdrew his hand, and tremblingly put in the other. Immediately, they came boldly out, their black little eyes glistening, and with great bravado tried to pick the hand.

"Watch them again," he said, and he laid his face against the cage, and stared upon them with stern eyes. Off the perches they jumped and crouched again in a corner. Their lead-like eyes never left the dealer's face. They saw the severity die away, and, when a fearful look came, up they jumped, and tried to pull his mustache.

"That's the best exhibition I could give you," he said, "of a monkey's nature. Their best trait is their affectionate disposition. A male monkey is never unkind to his mate, and he carries the babies about in his arms much more tenderly than some human fathers do. You see that pair in that furthest cage. Their baby died last winter. You should have seen how kindly that old fellow treated it—carried it about in his arms when the mother was tired, and he'd lay his head against it and show such fondness! When it died you could see him try to console the mother. But he's a destructive old rascal. He escaped from the cage last fall and broke every glass globe in the room. He ran along the shelves, throwing them down. He enjoyed to see them break and to hear

A MEAN CIGAR.

the noise. He's cost me many a dollar, but he is good natured."

A little boy came and gave a white-faced monkey a picture card. He surveyed it thoughtfully a minute, then seemed to realize he held a person in his power. A comical grimace was made, and he ran his long fingers through the eyes of the pictured face.

A NEW PLANT POT

Which Has the Valuable Quality of Being Easily Drained.

The two illustrations given here represent a flower or plant pot that will commend itself to all growers. A flower cannot flourish without a perfect foundation, and a perfect foundation is impossible when water stagnates around the roots.

DANGER AHEAD.

This new device allows plenty of moisture to the soil, but prevents the injurious stagnation. Seedling orchids, especially, thrive in this perforated pot, for they are particularly sensitive to the trouble that the pot is intended to remove.

"Men Who Have Helped Me Most."

Col. Mary Lease's next book will "roll back the dark axes and tear stained curtains of history." In the meantime her little old man will patiently wash out the dust stained curtains at home. —Atchison Globe.

True to His Shakespeare.

Mason—Why does Jason prefer taking a walk on Fifth avenue on Sunday morning to going to church?

Payson—He says he likes to read sermons in stones rather to listen to sermons from sticks.—New York Herald.

Wanted—General agent in each county to appoint salesman and to push the sale of our goods; good pay. Smith Mercantile Co., Webster Groves, Mo.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas. They may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer.

OLD FAVORITES.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

BY WILL M. CARLETON.

Give us your hand, Mr. Lawyer; how
do you do to-day?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you
want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures; make it an
X or a V.
For that 'ere written agreement was just
the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was
blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what
I was goin' to do;
And if my hosses hadn't been the
steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for
I couldn't see where to drive.

No—for I was laborin' under a heavy
load;
No—for I was travelin' an entirely different road;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of
our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way,
and where we might have been.

And many a corner we'd turned that
just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to've held my temper, and
driven straight ahead;
And the more I thought it over the more
these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that
I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept
risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where
Betsy was good and kind;
And these things flashed all through me,
as you know things sometimes will
When a feller's alone in the darkness,
and everything is still.

"But," says I, "we're too far along to
take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I
do not oft turn back,
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for
couples to smash in two;"
And so I set my teeth together, and
vowed I'd see it through.

When I came in sight o' the house
'twas some 'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see
the kitchen light;
Which often a man's some pictur, to a
hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's
goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house, the
table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever
want to see;
And I chammed the agreement down
my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which
somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about
the house,
But she watched my side coat-pocket
like a cat would watch a mouse;
And then she went to foolin' a little
with a cup,
And finally readin' a newspaper,
a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper, I drawed
the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for
she knowed what 't was about;
And then I hummed a little tune, but
now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped
up in my throat.

Then Betsey, she got her specs from off
the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly
to herself,
Read it by little and little, for her eyes
is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writin' ain't no print,
especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little, she gave
my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was
"lovin' her too much;"
But when she was through she went
for me, her face a-streamin' with
tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over
twenty years!

I don't know what you'll think, sir—
I didn't come in to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and
stuffed it in the fire,
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet
alongside of the cow;
And we struck an agreement never to
have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't
speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was
broke slam all to smash;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd
try to learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and
runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters
of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other
until they both got light;
And the day I popped the question, I
was winnin' her
Away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted
her over again.

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took
pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to
kindle another fuss,
But when she went to pryin' and openin'
of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed
her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been
a word or two;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and
know just what to do;
When one speaks cross the other just
meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to
tell it once in a while;
And I do it for a compliment—'t is so
that your can see
That that there written agreement of
yours was just the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer,
don't stop short of an X;
Make it more if you want to, for I have
got the checks.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with
all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife and home now that's
worth her weight in gold.

FELT HOOF PAD.

A Soft Protective Covering for the Animal's Hoof.

Horsemen are constantly on the alert for anything in the shape of a new shoe for the horse, and a pad has been recently brought out that seems to be the right thing for a tender-footed animal. It fills the shoe level full and makes an excellent snowball preventive. It can be set with tar or any hoof dressing at the option of the owner, and a little tar is advocated to prevent sand working in. It is explained that in hot, dry

THE PAD OF LEATHER AND FELT.

weather it may be made to answer for a moistening pad by pouring a little water in at the heel or by dipping the foot in water. The pad is designed to form an easy cushion for the frog, to equalize the pressure between the wall of the foot and the frog and to prevent concussion and fracture.—Philadelphia Record.

She Was Ready.

"Katie," sternly exclaimed the little girl's father at the breakfast table, "you are too noisy! I shall certainly have to punish you."

"Well, there ain't nobody holding you, is there?" said Katie, with flashing eye and quivering lip.

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Every morn is a world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done, and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly;
Here is the spent earth all reborn;
Here are the tired limbs springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the morn
In the chrism of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Listen my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again!

—Susan Coolidge.

HOME TALKS.

PLACE YOURSELVES WITH THE LIFTERS, NOT THE LEANERS.

Each One May Do Something to Help Suffering Humanity.

"This is a large world and there are not two people in it who are exactly alike."

The above is a very trite saying, and yet the expression of a half truth. In one sense it "is" a very large world; in another an extremely small one. I can remember how, when a little girl, the earth stretched away from before my sight on and on until it seemed to meet the sky in that distant line which encircles us, and looking at it, I used to fall to wondering what there lay beyond of the wonderful and the beautiful, for it was all a "vision splendid" to me then. Later, when I went further from the home nest, I found the circle enlarging, and still the mystery of the beyond continued; there was yet the great unknown world to be explored with its uncounted glories. I did not think of its miseries, for I had never seen them, and the possibility of their existence had scarcely entered into my consciousness.

Time passed, and the circle of my horizon, both in thought and in physical reality, grew larger still, but between me and the other side of the earth the immensity of space still seemed impassible. Then came a time when this space began dwindling away; when the world of action grew to my thought too small for the struggling masses who, in the process of evolution upward, must suffer and endure in order to progress. And I learned it is because of this struggle that the difference comes; this is the reason why there are no two people exactly alike, for to none of them come exactly the same experiences under precisely like conditions.

This, too, explains why it is so important to judge tenderly and charitably of the words and actions of others, as in the very nature of things we can not know how much strength is required of them to battle with circumstances, only the outer shell of which is visible to our senses. What might be without attraction to one, may possess a fascination for another that will hold him in absolute thraldom, and yet he need not necessarily be the weaker of the two. Rather he may have reached a point in his character-growth when the next step forward demands the exercise of great moral strength, and the opportunity comes to put it forth, and thus he be the gainer. A failure then should only challenge our sympathy and our sorrow. We may despise the action, but never the actor.

In a little poem entitled "Which Are You?" published recently in Harper's Weekly, Ella Wheeler Wilcox divides people into two classes, and I am not sure but she is right in so doing. She writes:

There are two kinds of people on earth to-day,
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.

Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad, and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for to count a man's wealth
You must first know the state of his conscience and health.

Not the humble and proud, for in life's little span,
Who puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.

No; the two kinds of people on earth I mean,
Are the people who lift, and the people who lean.

Wherever you go, you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes.

And oddly enough, you will find, too, I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toil down the road?

Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

One lifter to twenty who lean! That hardly seems possible, and yet is it not true that the larger proportion of us compel others to bear our burdens? We do it when we complain of our lot in life; when we picture our troubles to our friends' mental vision and leave them there as shadows to darken their outlook; when we tell of the aches and pains of our bodies which we thus intensify to ourselves, while we make a useless demand for sympathy that simply gives us a passing selfish satisfaction; when we drag our skeletons—they come sooner or later into everybody's life—to the light of day to shock or to sadden, as the case may be, all within whose view they chance to come. These are the ways in which so many of us become "leaners" when we should be "lifters."

To which class do I belong? This is a question to be answered not tomorrow, next week, next year, but every day. It is so easy to grow into a habit of leaning without being in the least conscious of so doing. It is so easy to come into the feeling that life is dealing very hardly with us, far beyond our deserts, and that others must give us of their strength lest we fail by the way. In reality, we are now, and ever have been, building up our own characters, and whatever comes to us are only results of causes that, somewhere and some time, we ourselves have set in motion. We simply reap what we have sown, and it is cowardly to throw the burdens that are rightfully ours to bear, upon others because they are willing "lifters."

If you are a "leaner" to-day begin now, at once, to change your habit. Your burdens may seem beyond your strength, but they are not. The diviner part of your nature when appealed to will always respond, and, too, there is ever an inflow of power from the Infinite Good which is everywhere, when you put yourself in a receptive attitude. This is a certainty as absolute for the weak as for the strong. All that is necessary is the honest, earnest upward aspiration, and the sincere effort to forget self in work for others. No matter how many times you go down before temptation, look the fact in the face boldly, declare again to your better self your determination to overcome, put remorse behind you—for a morbid and continued dwelling upon wrong doing weakens the moral nature—and start onward again, and yet again, if necessary. The time will come when you will cease to be a "leaner," and can do humanity a service as one of its "lifters."

And remember this: The world, large or small as it may seem to you, is not so large that your thought and your action may not encompass it with their influence, nor so small that any effort will be crowded out or lost from the great whole. We are too apt to think that small things do not matter; it is only the great ones that count, when, in truth, every thought, as well as every word and action, goes forth with a power to influence in proportion to the intensity of the force with which you send it out. No intelligent person now denies the possibility of the transference of thought, one to another, and if this can be done consciously, it is certain that those launched forth without definite purpost must yet enter into some consciousness that comes in the way of their vibrations, and do their work for good or ill. Therefore you who feel, as many have written to me, discouragement because held within a narrow round of home duties that precludes outside work, remember that you may send your thought for good around the earth, if need be, quickened with a force which is only measured by the intensity of your desire to help those who need help. And as there are no two persons who are exactly alike in the world, so there may be some one, if no more, whose need can be reached by no other thought than yours, whether you know it or not. And thus you may become through the potency of your thought, even if all other opportunity seems denied to you, one of the world's active "lifters." If, added to this, there are homely duties well and patiently done, who may set a limit to the possible good you may accomplish?

EMILY S. BOUTON,

OUR HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

About Fourth of July and Its Celebration, With Other Things.

By the time this chat reaches the readers of the Household, another "glorious Fourth of July" will have become a thing of the past. The orations on "Our Country," given by ambitious young men, who embraced this opportunity of rehearsing the story of our liberty and of airing their knowledge of United States history and the 'deeds of our forefathers' (never a mention of our foremothers, however), al of these will be forgotten, the deeds, alas, in many instances as well as the oration. The injuries of the small boy, that always follow an unlimited celebration, will, we hope, all be cured and the noisy nuisance of fire crackers and other explosives will have become only an unpleasant memory.

There will be pleasant memories of picnic parties and excursions by the young people who enjoy such things and memories of tired bodies and empty pocket-books by those who have assisted and paid for these "lovely' times, and there are those who will breathe a prayer of thankfulness that this is done with for another year, and that they will have a breathing spell before the next legal holiday occurs.

Of course it is perfectly proper that we should ever bear in mind the fact that we are a free people, and reverence the memory of those who won this freedom for us, teaching our children the true meaning of the observance of this day, but it is a question whether the majority of the children who celebrate have ever heard the Declaration of Independence read, or had it explained to them. With most of them, the Fourth of July is a day to burn up fireworks and make all the noise possible, just as they understand that Easter is a time to eat all the eggs they can and Christmas a time to give and receive gifts from their friends.

A few years ago Julia Ward Howe, of whose patriotism there can be no doubt, suggested that this day be celebrated in a quiet, sensible manner by holding meetings where the people could give thanks to God for the blessings of liberty, and young and old could be instructed in such things as would make them true patriots and better citizens. If, in addition to this, the money that is annually expended for fireworks, which certainly do no one but the makers thereof any good, should be wisely expended in helping our poor and ignorant people to become better citizens, it seems as if the country would be saved quite as efficiently as by the present methods.

"But then," says a small boy at my elbow, "where would we have any fun?" Sure enough, how can we have any "fun" without a great noise.

The editor is in receipt of a letter signed by several ladies asking that the older members of the Household have a cosy corner something like the younger ones find in the Merry-Go-Round. They write that "Those girls seem to have such a happy time with Miss Prudence that we would like to have a place in the Household where we mothers could drop in with our work and have a cosy chat about the things that interest us; about putting up fruit, making and mending, the children's clothes, what we have been reading, or of the society and church work that has occupied us."

The editor would like it also, and will be glad to hear from all who are in favor of the idea, and to receive suggestions as to the way this shall be conducted, its name, etc. Very many of our busy women could find time to drop in with a suggestion, or a bit of their experience, if they could do so in an informal manner and not feel that they must "dress up," so to speak, by writing a letter to the Household. Come, ladies, just bring your knitting or fancy work and let us discuss this matter right away.

MAKE-OVER CORNER.

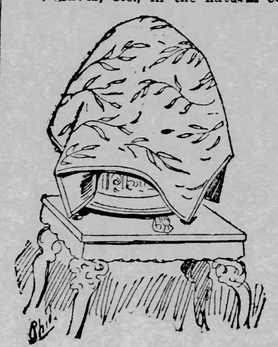
In order to help Household members who are puzzled to know how to make the most of half-worn dresses, etc., a little corner will be given to questions and answers about these things. If the editor can help any one to make a little go a good ways she will be glad to do so, and then you can help each other. The whole end and aim of this page is to assist in making the wheels of life run smoothly, so do not be afraid to ask questions and to send information.

"FAIR TO MIDDLING"

We Consider the Quality of This Collection of Pretty Novelties.

Bird Cage Cover.

This will be found useful to cover the cage during winter nights or in the evening when the bird shows an undue desire to join in the conversation. A similar cover one and a half yards square, would be very acceptable to your friend who owns a parrot. Take a piece of plain cheese cloth, three quarters of a yard square. Work it in a simple allover design, or applique upon it a branch of cherries with fruit, leaves, etc., in the natural col-



ors. These may be made of any material that will not fray out or face, and the work may be applied with gum tragacanth, instead of in the usual manner, care being taken to keep the cheese cloth perfectly straight while doing the work, and ironing it with a warm iron when it is completed. Line the cover with turkey red cotton.—Bets.

Porch Cushions.

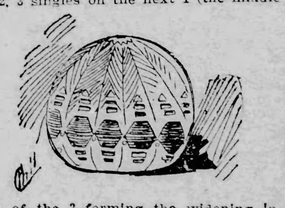
At a "porch party" the other evening chairs were voted down, and cushions (literally) had the floor. They were very numerous, and no one resembled another except in one particular; they were all soft and comfortable. The one that fell to my lot was about three-quarters of a yard square, made of dark blue velveteen, generously filled with feathers, finished at the edge with a twisted cord

of blue and cardinal and looked just like this illustration.

Another, about the same size was of flowered, pink satine, with its edge adorned with a three inch ruffle of the same.—Leta.

Cushion With Cover.

The round down cushion is covered with bronze plush, which is protected by a washable crochet cover that is buttoned together with pearl buttons around the middle. The cover is worked with cream crochet thread. Begin each half at the center with 18 chain stitches connected in a ring. 1st round.—3 chain, 31 double crochet around the loop, a slip stitch on the 3d of the 3 chain at the beginning. 2d round.—By turns 3 chain and 1 single crochet on the next 2d stitch, 16 times. 3d round.—5 single crochet around every 3 chain in the last row, close with a slip stitch on the 1st single. 4th round.—Turn the work, and going back over the preceding stitches * 1 single crochet on the 2d of the 5 singles (insert the needle at the back mesh of the singles), for a widening 3 singles on the middle stitch of the 5, 1 single on the next single, skip 2 singles; repeat from *; close with a slip on the first single. 5th round.—Turn the work, * 2 singles on the next 2, 3 singles on the next 1 (the middle



1 of the 3 forming the widening in the last row), 2 singles on the following 2; repeat from *, and close as in the last row. 6th round.—Turn the work, * pass 2, 2 singles on the following 2, 3 singles on the middle one of the 3 forming the widening in the last row, 2 singles on the next 2; repeat from *; close with a slip stitch on the 1st single. 7th-34th rows.—Similar to the last row, but beginning at the 8th row, and thereafter, make 5 singles instead of 3 for the widening; this will make the number of singles on both sides of the widening at the point increase by 1 in every row; thus in the 8th row there are 2 singles on both sides of the widening, in the 9th row 3, in the 10th row 4, etc.

35th row.—Turn, pass 2, a slip stitch on every stitch up to the 12th before the next widening, * 14 singles on the following 14, 5 singles on the next (the middle of the point), 14 singles on the next 14, 6 chain, skip the stitches up to the 12th before the next widening; repeat from *, closing with a slip on the 1st stitch in the row. 36th row.—Turn, 1 single on every stitch, except the middle stitch of the point, where make 5 singles as usual. 37th row.—Turn, 4 slip stitches on the first 4, * 14 singles on the 14 before the middle stitch of the widening, 5 singles on the middle stitch, 14 singles on the following 14, 6 chain, skip the intervening stitches, and repeat from *. 38th row.—Like the 36th. 39th and 40th rows.—Like the last 2. Work the second half of the cover in the same manner, but for a button-loop at the points, in the next to the last row, instead of the 5 singles of the widening make 7 chain and skip the middle stitch, and in the last row work 9 singles around the 7 chain.

PLEASANT WORDS FROM FRIENDS

Murder of Birds Unjustifiable—The Virginia Ice Mountain.

As some dissatisfaction has been expressed with the awarding of prizes for articles sent to the Household in times past, the editor will leave the decision as to the best article sent on the subject of using birds for ornament, etc., to the readers of the Household. Each article sent in will be published and every subscriber to the Blade is invited to send the name of the writer of the article they think best, with their reason for thinking so. These letters will, as far as space will permit, be published also. All letters for competition for the prize offered must be sent in by the 15th of July, and the prize will be awarded August 1 in accordance with the opinions sent us before that time.

The editor hopes that all, especially the women of the Household, will take an interest in this subject and send their letters promptly. As this department of the Blade is for the improvement and assistance, in every way, of its readers, it asks for their co-operation in a free discussion of all subjects of interest.

A Bird's Life.

There is no law of right by which the destroying of a bird's innocent life can be justified. If the talking of these lives would produce some good, or elevate the women of our land, it would be worthy our support. Where do you think God would rather see a bird, stiff and dead on a woman's bonnet or flitting happily among the trees where He first placed it? "And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."

As we are the ones who cause this destruction, certainly we have a duty. First, by example, by refusing to wear their plumage, and then using our influence by protecting with voice and pen. I think we should regard all living creatures as having as much right to live as we. When slain, it should be for a better purpose than to gratify a woman's vanity. The Creator has given us a great opportunity for showing kindness towards all animals. How are we using it towards the most beautiful of all, which He surely loves?

Men are imprisoned or killed when they have done a great wrong. But birds are placed in captivity, or slain, because they are beautiful!

"Finally—for our guidance—whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things."—"Only Me."

Plea for the Birds.

It is the day of reform. The strong are realizing more than ever their duty to the weak. From helpfulness to their fellow mortals, this care has extended to the protection of the animals who rely so blindly upon us. Societies for the Prevention of Cruelties to Animals, Bands of Mercy, and other organizations of the sort are formed in almost every town.

Women have been to the front in this humane movement. In their outcry against the abuse of old and overworked horses and the neglect of dogs, why is it that the slaughter of birds receives so little attention? Women alone are responsible for this state of things; for the wings, and often the whole body, are used for their personal adornment.

Thousands upon thousands of birds are killed every year for this purpose. Scientists say that two classes of birds have become entirely extinct and other varieties are fast dying out through this insatiate desire for bright-colored plumage for women's head gear.

Last year I saw this stated of the costume of a New York debutante: "Her dress was a rich cream, elaborately trimmed with lace, caught here and there by humming birds, and a humming bird was lightly poised on the fastening of each dainty slipper." Few carry it to such an extreme as this, but what woman considers her winter hat complete unless decorated by one or more birds?

There are but very few birds which are injurious about a place and many are decidedly useful in keeping away bugs and worms which would otherwise prey upon the fruit and vegetables. And even if of no use, their merry singing and cunning ways would appeal to us. They ask no charity at our hands, these brave hearted little fellows, only that we should let them carol on undisturbed.

How strangely inconsistent we are! The pet canary in his gilded cage receives the utmost care—not a feather is to be ruffled—but what of his feathered friends without who enliven the long summer days and do not forget us in even dreary wintry weather? They are killed by thousands to decorate the dress of the woman whose eyes flash at the ill usage of a horse, and who stoops to pat the head of many a starved looking dog on the street.

But you say: "I make no such use of the birds." Perhaps not, but you know many who do, and if you do not lift your voice in protest you are as guilty as though every hat in your possession was covered by the wings of gay colored songsters.

Your nephews rob countless nests for their egg collections, and you are silent. The trees about the house might be full of song, but the merry warblers disturb your morning nap and you drive them away. The children have captured a fledgeling and placed him in a cage on the wall. Hour after hour goes by without food or drink for the fluttering prisoner. The hot sun beats in still harder, but you think not of the wants of one of whom even the Father "took notice."—Lulu McClure.

One of the readers of the Household has acted upon the suggestion of the editor and sent a description of a place of interest near her home, which will be appreciated by the friends who have not the opportunity of visiting such a natural curiosity.

The Ice Mountain.

I will attempt to give the Household readers a description of the "Ice Mountain" of West Virginia, though it is impossible for me to do it justice. It is situated about two miles from my home on the North river, and may be reached from the west by a bridle-path and from the north by a carriage road that brings you within twenty-five yards of the mountain, then, crossing the river, you are at the foot of a magnificent mountain. From the crest of a hill you have a splendid view of the surrounding country. As you ascend the change in the atmosphere is plainly perceptible, as the cool and exhilarating breezes fan your cheek. The descent of the mountain is by a rocky and uneven path, but one does not notice this, for look where they will there is something attractive to see. Reaching the foot of the hill, with the river gently murmuring on one side, and with the mountain you have just descended upon the other side, you find, about one hundred yards further on, the Ice Mountain proper.

A level plat of ground spreads out before you, on which stands an old building on which the names of hundreds of visitors are cut. In front of this house is an immense natural dancing floor and north of it is a spring of pure, cold water. Here are found ferns of every description, from the tiniest, most delicate ones to those whose sturdy stems have reached the height of four feet. The large and small laurel is also found here and is very beautiful. The sides of this mountain contain large cavities, from which vapor is constantly rising. During May, June, July and sometimes as late as August quantities of ice and snow are found in these cavities, and it is from this fact it takes its name. It is a most beautiful and cool summer resort and when once you have visited it, you will certainly feel a desire to return to it.—Pansy.

INQUIRIES AND ANSWERS.

A Jump From Pickles to Poetry—Do Not Hesitate to Ask or Answer.

Margaret:—Your letter should have been directed to the Merry-Go-Rounds, care of Toledo Blade. It will be handed to Miss Prudence for her answer, which will, doubtless, be favorable.—Ed.

"Spider" and "F. L. Y." (a natural companionship, 'tis true, but it is strange they should both happen to come in the same mail, asking the same question of Miss Prudence) are referred to the answer given to Margaret.—Ed.

Lydia J.:—Your letter was written with a lead pencil, and was quite badly blurred when it reached this office, so it could not be used, but that which could be read was very good.—Ed.

Inquiries.

Will some one send the song entitled "Two Little Girls in Blue," and the poem with the words in it, "They will hang me on the gallows, mother; hang me there till I am dead."—Ethel Fent.

Please publish in your paper the song beginning with these words, "When the spring time comes, gentle Annie."—Dora Woods.

Will some one kindly inform us if there is a way of successfully canning green peas at home, and also a good recipe for drying green peas?—A Subscriber.

Will some one tell us how to make vinegar without cider, such as is usually sold in stores as "cider vinegar"; also how to make and put up cucumber pickles for market; also how to prevent or destroy cabbage worms?—Hard Times.

Will some one send the words of the poem, "I'll Report to God the Reason Why," and "Shipwrecked"? I live in a very small town, and can find no books containing recitations.—Spider.

Answers.

Housekeeper:—White spots on furniture may be removed by holding a hot plate or fire shovel over them, and the grease spots on wall paper will come out if you lay a brown paper over them and press it with a moderately warm iron.—Elizabeth.

Susan:—You can remove any kind of grease or dirt spots from your shirt waist, if you rub them well with the yolk of an egg before washing. Before making shirtwaists it is a good idea to shrink the cloth, and if it is colored, put some turpentine in the water, and let the goods lie in it for 15 minutes or half an hour, to set the colors.—One Who Has Tried It.

Dottie:—Delicious peppermints are easily and quickly made with two cupfuls of granulated sugar and half a cupful of water. Let this boil hard all over for three minutes, and then add two teaspoonfuls of essence of peppermint. Take from the fire and stir hard until the mixture is white and creamy. To be dropped on greased paper of any size desired.

OUR JULY COOKING.

It Is Anything But a Pleasure, But It Must be Accomplished.

And because it is necessary that something must be provided for each meal, three times a day, the cooks will all appreciate any recipe that is nice, and, at the same time easily prepared. Two qualities that are combined in the following:

Simple Dessert.

Place 2 crackers in a saucer for each person; pour on them all the hot water they will absorb, and then put a generous lump of jelly in the middle of each one. Eat with rich cream which has been nicely flavored and sweetened.—"Only Me."

Rice, With "Grandmother's Sance."

Wash 2 cupfuls of rice through four or five waters, until thoroughly clean; boil until soft, and serve warm with a sauce made as follows: Cream together with a cupful of sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of butter (do not melt butter as some inexperienced cooks do) add a little nutmeg, or cinnamon, and 1 well beaten egg. Stir in a cupful of boiling hot milk very slowly as this cooks the egg. Serve either warm or cold.

Banana Pudding.

Cut into slices sponge cake rather stale, and in your finest glass dish, put alternately a layer of cake and a layer of sound bananas sliced. Make a delicate vanilla flavored custard and pour over it. Cover the whole with a stiff frosting.—Primrose.

Cucumber Pickles.

To 1 gal. of good cider vinegar add 1 teacupful of salt and 1 tablespoonful of pulverized alum. Wash the cucumbers, wipe them dry and put them in this preparation. They will keep good and remain firm and solid.—E. L. B.

THE MERRY GO ROUNDS

Express Their Opinion and Welcome Another State President.

Mr. E. Francis Atwood, of Simpson, Minnesota, President of the Order of Blade M. G. Rs., in that state, was born at Spring Valley, Minn., November 9, 1871. He claims as ancestors,

E. FRANCIS ATWOOD, MINNESOTA.

Rob Roy MacGregor, Aaron Winkledied, Gov. Bradford and Roger Williams. Is a high school graduate and ex-teacher. Printer by trade, teacher by profession, farmer by choice, jack-of-all-trades by force of necessity, and of very little account at anything. Populist in politics, Adventist in religion (but member of no church) and crank generally. Lazy and doesn't amount to much; probably never will. He is farming on twelve acres at present, and asks you to note his change of address from Rochester to Simpson, Minn.

The Chaperone wishes to say that the above description was sent by the young man himself and is given verbatim, in order to show that whatever he may or may not lack, he is not given to over-rating his own good qualities.

Chaperone's Confidential.

E. M. McPeake:—You will be a very welcome addition to the Circle. Miss Prudence hopes to enroll every member of the Temperance Legion in the ranks of the M. G. R.

A. P. Rh:—Thank you very much for the address, and accept my congratulations upon being a man who does not speak until he has something to say.

Sweet Marie:—Your letter was very nicely written; come again.

Jolly Iowa:—By all means persuade your neighbors to avail themselves of The Blade's liberal three months offer.

W. Virginia:—Write first to your president concerning the subject under discussion, then if you like, write to the column, and practice "condensation" always.

Cow Boy:—The only mistake the [illegible] noticed in your letter was [illegible]ark to the effect that you would not bother her often. Please correct that idea—and all minor errors shall be overlooked.

Mo. Willie:—You are very welcome, and if you keep your your promise to live up to the Circle's motto, the Chaperone thinks you will do well.

Madge:—Your first call was a very pleasant one; please repeat it.

Miss Mary Matlick:—The Symposium received and will be printed soon.

C. E. Palmer:—The presidents are appointed for an indefinite period.

Blue-eyed J.—You are not only eligible, but very welcome.

Letters are filed for future use from C. E. Palmer, Oleo, W. Virginia, Old Bach, Faul, Cow Boy, Morning Star, Mab and Canon.

Anadarko, Mo.:—"When not busy I very often entertain myself by reading and have lately read Ivanhoe and Scottish Chiefs. Now I am eagerly ransacking the place for historical facts concerning the reigns of Richard I, and Edward I. The history is just as interesting to me as the romance, but I believe the latter helps me to retain the facts. Do you think so, M. G. Rs?"

Theresa Thorne, O.:—"Samuel! Samuel! pray check that copious rain of tears, for methinks most of the feminine antiquities which you have lately mentioned are perfectly capable of paddling their own canoe; at least those are whom I have met, but perhaps you have been less fortunate. I do not belong to the class which I so loyally defend, but have friends that do, and take up the cudgels in their behalf, for who knows, I may yet be numbered among the ranks of those whose lot you so sadly deplore. How many of the M. G. Rs can honestly and candidly say that they read the Bible with interest, and will such tell me why I do not find it interesting?"

Tam Innocent, Mo.:—"I do not see why so many of the Rounders condemn novel-reading and dancing; if we are to have no enjoyments in this world is life worth living? Some of the most excellent thoughts we can cherish are due to the unraveling of a sentence in some good novel, and as for dancing why should we be continually harassed about it? I think if we do not carry either to excess we should be allowed to enjoy both. A good novel affords fit occupation for one's mind for at least an hour each day, and dancing is a pastime that any sound-bodied perron must enjoy. I think the prejudice against these amusements is unfounded."

Mizpah, Iowa:—"I think no member of this circle should be the least reluctant in giving their opinion on the subject assigned by the state president. If I am so fortunate as to be taken in for a member I shall try to do my best to help Iowa get to the front."

Bachelor No. 6, Kan.:—"If there is room for me in the circle I will say that I live on a farm, am fond of birds, flowers and music, and have a nice collection of plants which I take great pleasure in caring for. Let us have the Western trip by all means."

Opal, O.:—"O, Bert, supposing that women are smarter than men as you say, do you think it would be a 'smart move' on their part to desert their own duties, and take up those of the men? And do you think your kind, good-dispositioned wife will be altogether homely? I liked R. H. Sea's letter of May 9; come again. Why have we not heard lately from Tom Quartz, U. No. Hoo, Vance, and other old members?"

Mental Hump, Ind.:—"I come this morning bringing Miss Prudence a watermelon to eat while she reads our letters. I would like to visit Golden Poppy's home, where blizzards are unknown and bird-songs and the fragrance of flowers are constant reminders of the Higher Power. We think the space allotted to the M. G. R.'s the most interesting part of The Blade."

The Raven of Wood's Edge, Ind.:—"Over woman's world to-day hangs a star whose destiny none can foretell; let love burn a bright beacon on hope's last out-post that stagnant man, seeing the brilliancy of this new renaissance will be stimulated to nobler actions, and that humanity from extreme to extreme may catch the thrill of aspiration and be lifted higher."

Edythe, Mo.:—"In reply to United Brethren I would say I do not think any sensible woman would hesitate to marry the man she loved should he lack wealth. I would not. Those who marry money must expect only what money can buy; 'Love gives itself but is not bought.' I am in favor of female suffrage, and oppose dancing, card-playing and novel reading. Come again 'Trew Blew.'"

Elijah, Jackson, Ky.:—"I live quite near to the beautiful Green river in a right nice country. I enjoy roaming through its pleasant scenery, and also enjoy reading good books and newspapers like The Blade. I do not think there is any harm in novel reading. I have only one profession (photography), though I attended one short term of art."

Fred B. Freeman, Minn.:—"I am not aware what is required of a person joining the M. G. R. circle, but am sure you can admit me since I will promise to deport myself as becomes a gentleman. I am 22 years of age, have recently moved to Minnesota from Iowa, am a farmer by occupation, and am very fond of good, wholesome literature."

Geranium, Mo.:—"My brother has taken The Blade for some time, and I enjoy reading Miss Bouton's page. I am a music teacher, and love painting and flowers so have taken for my nom my favorite posy."

Typsetter, Kan.:—"I live in a town of 500 inhabitants, situated in North Central Kansas, about 150 miles from the state capital. This is a great wheat country; that is, there is a great deal sowed but this year the crop will not amount to much as it was frozen out last winter. I am learning to be a printer, and think I shall succeed."

Thena, Maine:—"I am much interested in the pictures of the state presidents, especially that of Lela Peterson, with whom I have been corresponding for some time and shall paste the portraits and biographies into a scrap-book for future use."

Aunt Nell, Maine:—"In regard to dancing I once heard a young man say that if girls only knew the words set to most dancing tunes they could never be induced to go upon the floor again. Words that are too vulgar for them to hear, but which the tunes bring vividly before the minds of the young men. The same is said to be true of slang phrases, which are usually connected with some vile story that girls would never think of repeating. The only excuse for their use is that those who utter them are generally ignorant of their meaning and origin."

Doctor, Ind.:—"I am more than pleased with the work being done by our department. I agree with Queen Mab in regard to the Sunday law, and will go still farther and say I do not believe that Christians are commanded to rest one day in each week, as were the Jews while under Moses. What has become of Bitter Sweet? Is she still clamoring for the right to vote?"

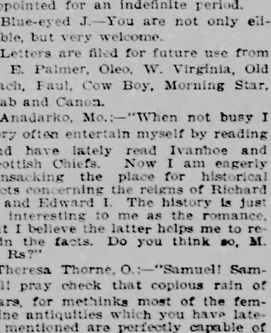
Bengaline, Mo.:—"I think the highest compliment that can be paid to a M. G. R. is to say that he or she has strictly followed our motto. Concerning equal suffrage I think since husband and wife are one they should be allowed one vote. I also think that newspapers furnish more general information than books; that politics have a great influence over mankind—even Pilate chose the high opinion of the people rather than Christ; that I would prefer to marry an industrious, poor man, rather than a lazy, rich one, and that Little Miss Muffit might employ her leisure time better than in dancing or card playing. The latter even in a social game is against our state law."

TO THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS.

In answer to many inquiries about the badges, the publishers are glad to say that enough have been received to send them to all who enclose 50 cents to The Blade, Toledo, O.

MERRY-GO-ROUNDS, ATTENTION!

The editor of the Household is glad to be able to announce that the badges have been hurried up, and there is now a sufficient supply to send one to each of the lucky mem-



To be sent with each club of ten subscribers raised by a member of the M. G. R.

bers who win it as a prize in response to the following offer:

To each and all who will get for The Blade a club of 25 new subscribers for three months at ten cents each, the badge will be sent free. The names may be forwarded not less than 10 at a time, the coupon given below being enclosed with the name of the sender each time, until the number, 25, has been reached. The pin will then be mailed to the fortunate Merry-Go-Rounder.

The offer was to hold good for three months and several weeks have already passed away. A little work will win this beautiful badge, enlarge the number of The Merry-Go-Rounds, and give friendly help to The Blade in enlarging its circulation. Try it, and if success is yours, you will not be sorry.

The pin is of solid silver, with a sword holding in place three leaflets upon which are M. G. R. in raised letters. In smaller characters below are the words Toledo Blade. The shape and about the size are shown in the coupon. It is a beautiful ornament and cannot fail to please. Later on, when received in sufficient numbers it will be sold at a price sufficient only to cover cost of manufacture and mailing.

BOOKS AND BOOK-MAKERS.

Read and See What is Going on in the Literary World.

About two years ago a quaint little story was told in a charming way and given to the public in a dainty form by the Harpers of New York. It was entitled The Love Affairs of an Old Maid. Its author is Miss Lilian Bell, a young writer evidently of exceptional talent.

A few weeks ago another book by the same author appeared from the enterprising young publishing house of Stone & Kimball, of Chicago. This one is entitled A Little Sister to the Wilderness, and it is delightful reading in every respect. From the moment in which the heroine Mag is introduced, we love and sympathize with her. We feel with her the limitations of her surroundings, and her inability to get outside of them.

The scene of the story is laid in the West Tennessee Bottom Lands. In the first chapter a most dramatic scene brings both the hero and heroine to the acquaintance of the reader, as well as another delightful character, Mag's rustic lover, Ralph. From that time onward the interest never flags to the end of the story. It is full of incident, and each one is cut out clearly, silhoutted, so to speak, upon the background of life in those regions, bringing it before one most vividly. Both humor and pathos are present and one finds smiles and tears following each other frequently.

Miss Bell has done a fine piece of work, and one in which lays a future of great promise. No one who reads A Little Sister to the Wilderness but will wish for more from the same pen. "She understands," says the Bookman, "as few writers do, the middle classes, and her sympathies are thoroughly democratic." With such a field, with youth and health and a fine intellect, there is no doubt but that she will do more and better work in the years to come. Her home is now in Chicago, but she was born and brought up in Kentucky.

Readers of The Blade are invited to ask questions regarding literary matters and they will be answered to the best of the editor's ability.

A QUESTION OF PEDIGREE.

"Now who is that?" asked a dignified hen;
"That chicken in white and gray?
She's very well dressed, but from whence did she come?
And her family who are they?

"She never can move in our set, my dear,"
Said the old hen's friend to her, later;
"I've just found out—you'll be shocked to hear—
She was hatched in an incubator!"
—From Harper's Round Table.

FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

Interesting Reports of Merry Go Round Presidents.

South Dakota.

Question: "What class of home reading is most profitable?"—S. D. Purviance, President.

Dakota:—"Never read anything that will not tend to develop our moral, intellectual, and, if you please, our spiritual nature. The germs of all are as dead until developed, and that depends upon ourselves. The class of reading depends upon the taste of the reader, only be sure that it is of the highest tone. For me, The Blade, Youth's Companion, and other papers of that standard, can be read with profit, also poetry, fiction, travel and history, in accordance with one's taste. But I think one had better be sleeping than reading light, trashy and exciting literature."

R. H. Sea:—"It depends on what a person intends to do in the world. For the teacher, the Teacher's Reading Circle is the best, while for the pupil the Pupil's Reading Circle is unsurpassed. I do not object to novels of the right kind, and think the works of J. F. Cooper, Lew Wallace, Walter Scott, and others of that class, very instructive."

Forest Neeley condemns trashy works of all kinds, but particularly those of the "Wild West" order, and cites the case of a boy who concluded to turn Jesse James No. 2, and started out by stealing a horse and brace of revolvers. When pursued he shot one of his pursuers, and received a life sentence in the penitentiary in consequence. He names Grant's Tour of the World, Bunyan's works, and Chambers's Information for the People as literature worthy of study.

Missouri.

Question: "Why should we read?"—Flora Culver, President.

Swamp Angel:—"I take reading to mean the silent consideration of the human mind of written or printed thoughts of some author. When man was created, he was perfect; had he not fallen, it would never have been necessary or beneficial for him to read, but at his downfall he was made weaker and had all things to learn, and his descendants having to deal with truth and falsehood, must strive to learn what is right, in order that we may win the reward of Heaven. As the end is divine, we should be divine, and not being so in ourselves, the path to divinity being wisdom, and the key to wisdom reading, we must read to become divine.

By the knowledge we gain from reading of the past and present, we are enabled to take a glance down the lines of futurity by comparison. When one feels alone in the world, his head bowed down by grief he may take a favorite author and find a congenial friend. We should read to gain knowledge, elevate man's sphere, broaden our intellect, brighten our social standing and to aid our fellow men; to gain consolation and to become more worthy of the eternal reward that awaits us if we improve the talents given us."

Bud:—"By reading the right kind of literature our minds are developed. Ask any man or woman who has gained a name in the world how they came to be so fortunate, and you will usually find them to be readers. Without reading we can accomplish nothing.

Jimmie Long:—"We should read to acquire knowledge, improve our minds and enlarge our thinking powers. We cannot get the ideas from the authors themselves, but we can read them in their books, thereby converting a pleasant pastime into profit."

Bitter-Sweet:—"Speaking for myself alone, I read firstly for mental improvement, and secondly for real, healthful enjoyment I find in any book or paper. A good, clean, moral book is a God-given companion, and no one who allows children to read the works of such authors as Miss Alcott and E. P. Roe need ever fear that they will be harmed thereby; but with one of the thousands of yellow-backed novels in their hands, and though the process may be slower the result will be nearly the same as if they had been fed upon poison.

"Let us read more of healthful literature, something uplifting rather than sensational; something positive, not the 'blood and thunder' stories of improbable adventures and escapades. We learn to sin readily enough without having older people write out the formula for us."

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

Where are the members of the Blade Temperance Legion, and why do they not join the circle of The M. G.-Go Rounds? The latter organization has for one of its objects the promotion of temperance and good morals. With the desire for improvement and also to have a good time by fellowship with each other, great benefit and pleasure must follow. Join the nearest circle to your home, and help the rest to have a good time while making a good time for yourselves. The editor would like to hear from some of the old members of the Temperance Legion. Let her hear from you.

OUR WONDER COLUMN

A CAREFUL LITTLE MAID.

The people say in Dimpledell—
They've known her from a baby—
There's not a child behaved as well
As little Prudence Maybe.
When anybody looks at her
She courtsies most precisely;
Her aunt, Miss Lucy Lavender,
Has brought her up so nicely.

This Dimpledell in Dorset lies,
A village like a toy one,
Its tiled roofs rise 'neath dappled skies
Whose light showers don't annoy one.
'Tis clean and neat, and green and sweet
The country lanes about it;
And Prudence dwells in Primrose street—
Inquire there if you doubt it.

She is so careful, she will say—
Lest she should fib, though blindly—
"Aunt Lucy's very well to-day,
Perhaps—I th

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head, aims to give first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

IOWA REPUBLICANS.

The Resolutions Conservative, and Allison for President.

Des Moines, Ia., July 11.—The Republican state convention yesterday was one of the largest and most favorable in the history of the party in Iowa. There were ten candidates for governor and six ballots were necessary to decide the contest, resulting in the nomination of Gen. F. M. Drake, of Centerville, for governor. Hon. Matt Parrott, of Waterloo, was nominated for lieutenant governor on second ballot, and Supreme Judge Given, State Superintendent Sabin and Railroad Commissioner Perkins were renominated. Senator Allison was present

F. M. DRAKE.
(Candidate for Governor.)

and was received with wild enthusiasm when his name was mentioned in connection with the Presidency. The resolutions are conservative.

In the afternoon Governor Jackson and other dignitaries occupied the platform. Every seat in the vast auditorium was filled. Hon. Lafayette Young, editor of the Daily Capitol, was elected chairman and J. W. Willets, of Tama county, secretary. Chairman Young made a brief speech. It was needless, he thought, to say anything about the Democrats. They were saying worse things of each other than we dare to say of them. An allusion to the "valley and shadow of Democracy" evoked the wildest applause. The convention proceeded to a formal ballot for governor.

The first ballot resulted as follows: Drake, 366 8-15; Halan, 248 3-15; Parrott, 208 4-15; McFarland, 116; Harsh, 86; Ormsby, 84; Kamrar, Letts, 24; Conaway, 22; Russell, 10.

On the second ballot the vote on governor stood:

Drake, 425; Harlan, 305; Parrott, 213; McFarland, 39; Harsh, 79; Ormsby, 89; Kamrar, 65; Letts, 23; Conaway, 6.

Third ballot: Drake, 500; Harlan,

SENATOR ALLISON.

482; Parrott, 248; McFarland, 2; Harsh, 34; Ormsby, 9; Kamrar, 47; Letts, 19; Conaway, 1.

Fourth ballot: Drake, 556; Harlan, 84; Parrott, 221; Harsh, 27; Ormsby, 9; Letts, 1; Kamrar, 33; Conaway, 1.

Drake's friends were delirious with joy at the steady and rapid gain shown by their candidate, and it seemed manifest that Drake would be nominated on the next ballot, but which closed as follows:

Fifth ballot: Drake, 597; Harlan, 350; Parrott, 209; Kamrar, 35; Ormsby, 7; Harsh, 26; Letts, 1.

Before the sixth ballot was taken the convention indulged in cheering for for favorite candidates for ten or fifteen minutes. Before the ballot proceeded far, Drake's nomination was assured.

The following is the result:

Sixth ballot: Drake, 864 1-2; Harlan, 133 3-14; Parrott, 231 4-14; Harsh, 2; Kamrar, 2; Ormsby, 2.

After prolonged cheering, balloting for lieutenant governor was commenced. Matt Parrott, of Waterloo, was nominated on the third ballot, defeating Lieutenant Governor Dungan, of Chariton, for re-election. In rapid succession Henry Sabin was re-elected for superintendent of public instruction; George W. Perkins for railroad commissioner, and Josiah Given for judge of the supreme court.

During the balloting for lieutenant governor, Gen. Drake reached the convention hall amid cheering, made a short speech containing very happy allusions to his competitors before the convention. He said he was prepared to make a vigorous campaign and that upon the broad national platform adopted by the convention.

The platform was presented to the convention during the balloting for governor, by George G. Wright, of Polk county. It was adopted without debate or dissent. The following are the main planks:

We, the representatives of the Republican party of Iowa in convention assembled, reaffirm our fealty to the great principles which our national party from its birth has steadfastly proclaimed in the face of an ever shifting foe. We congratulate the people of this country upon the evidences of returning prosperity, and rejoice in each instance of labor re-employed,

MATT PARROTT.
(Candidate for Lieutenant Governor.)

wages restored and industry re-established upon a prosperous basis. In the record of the building of our industries under Republican policy, their paralysis under Democratic power and their revival with the repudiation of the Democratic party and the dissolution of the Democratic house of representatives, succeeded by one elected upon the platform of the Republican party, the vindication of the policy of protection is complete. The Democratic party is convicted of obtaining power in 1892 under false pretenses.

We affirm the declarations of the Republican national platform of 1892 adopted at Minneapolis, that "The American people, who for traditions and interest favor bi-metalism, and the Republican party demand the use of both gold and silver as standard money with such restrictions and under such provisions, to be determined by legislation, as will secure the maintenance of the parity of the value of the two metals, that, the purchasing and the debt paying power of the dollar, whether of silver, gold or paper, shall be at all times equal. The interest of the producers of the country, its farmers and the working man demands that every dollar, paper or coin, issued by the government shall be as good as any other."

We urge that the United States exert its influence to establish with the important commercial nations of the world such an international agreement as will enable this country to reopen its mints to the free and unlimited coinage of both metals without loss of one or the other from the volume of our money.

With especial pride do we remember the distinguished services of our senior Senator, whose long and honorable record as a servant of the state entitles him to expressions of our full confidence and our enduring affection. We hail with satisfaction the universal desire of the Republicans of the state to continue him in his present field of usefulness until called to the larger services of the nation.

THE NEW JERSEY STORM.

Scenes of Desolation Along the River Bank.

Hackensack, N. J., July 15.—Between 40,000 and 50,000 persons visited the scene of the ruin and devastation at Cherry Hill caused by Saturday's cyclone. Prompt measures were taken and there is now enough money to keep the unfortunates in food for a few days.

Viewed in the light of day, the ruin appeared more complete. Everywhere in the path of the storm were ruins. On two sides as viewed from the center of the town, there were banks of green, but where the storm swept everything was black and bare. Three were killed in the storm. The dead are Conrad Freiderman, the Ahrens baby and Anton Fischer. Mrs. Ahrens was also injured, but will recover. Edgar Chinock, the doctors think, will die. His skull is fractured. Chinock recovered consciousness for a short time to-day, and was able to recognize his mother, but relapsed in a short time, and is now thought to be dying. None of those injured in the disaster, with the exception of Chinock, is likely to die. During the early part of Saturday night the owners of the wrecked dwellings sat about them guarding their ruins, but later a parole was formed who guarded the streets. Many homeless women and children were transferred to Holdridge, where they received food and shelter. Yesterday active means were taken to secure them relief and homes.

In addition to the wreck in Cherry Hill, almost every house along the river front from that place to River Edge, was damaged to some extent. The buildings blown down in the village of Cherry Hill were valued at about $60,000, but this is but a small part of the actual loss, without taking into consideration the loss of life or the injuries to scores who were unfortunate enough to be in the path of the storm. The loss to property in a direct way has been estimated at about $100,000, but this is not taking into consideration the damage to crops in this section.

OPENED TO SETTLERS.

Property in California and Claimed by Railways.

San Francisco, July 11.—Seven hundred thousand acres of land situated in the northern part of Los Angeles county and heretofore claimed by the railways, is likely at any day to be thrown open by the government for settlement. The secretary of the interior may do so at once, basing his action on the decision of Judge Ross, in favor of the United States, or he may await a final determination of the character of the lands by the supreme court on an appeal which will probably be entered by the Southern Pacific.

These lands comprise a territory 75 miles long by 40 wide. The most important part of this region is embraced in what is known as Antelope Valley which stretches on both sides of the Southern Pacific branch line running from Mojave to Los Angeles, between the towns of Rosamond and Alpine. The land has an elevation of about 1,400 feet and will therefore not produce oranges, but with water, alfalfa, grain, vegetables and deciduous fruits flourish.

RUSSIAN GOLD OFFERED.

Enough Offered the U. S. to Maintain the Reserve.

Chicago, July 10.—A special from Washington to the Post says: Discussion of the gold reserve in the treasury, and the action past and probable of the Morgan-Rothschild bond syndicate, brought to light the fact that Czar Alexander III. of Russia, offered to loan the United States all the gold necessary to maintain the reserve at any figure desired. The friendly tender was declined by President Cleveland because after several weeks of consideration and deliberation and telegraphic correspondence back and forth between Washington and St. Petersburg, it was decided that the President had not the authority to issue bonds or otherwise incur indebtedness on behalf of the government. Since then the power of the President and the Secretary of the Treasury to issue bonds has been determined, and if the offer were repeated by the present Russian ruler, it might be accepted.

CHIEF LOGAN'S TOMAHAWK.

A Relic of the Mingo Chief Found By An Ohio Man.

Steubenville, O., July 11.—Andrew Downer, the village blacksmith at Hammondsville, this county, has come across a highly-prized Indian relic in the shape of the tomahawk that belonged to the noted chief of the Mingos, Logan, who was a friend of the white man until Colonel Cresap murdered his wife and children, when he went on the warpath and was finally killed in a fight against some of his own near race near Chicago. The relic was fished out of a pile of scrap iron Downer had bought. After the rust was scraped off the tomahawk there could be seen inscribed on it, "Logan, 1773." Logan's home was on Yellow creek, not far from Hammondsville, and it is perfectly natural to suppose this weapon belonged to him. As to the engraving, it is said the Indians were adepts at the work of inscribing on iron by means of a stencil.

PRETTY SEALSKIN GARMENTS

Will Come High—Sealers Having Ill Luck.

San Francisco, July 15.—Ill-luck continues to follow the sealers this year, according to stories told by incoming sailors. The Emma Louise, which is cruising off the coast of Japan, recently lost three boats in a storm, two of which were picked up by the Bonanza, and the other one by the Theresa. The boat's crew picked up by the Theresa had a terrible experience, one of the men, the boat steerer, William Lloyd, being devoured by a shark. In addition to encountering bad weather, the sealers are making poor catches.

CAUSE FOR REJOICING.

Celebration of the Completion of the Kansas Irrigation Station.

Goodland, Kan., July 10.—The people of Sherman county yesterday celebrated the completion of the state irrigation station located two miles east of here. It is the first irrigation enterprise that any state east of the Rockies has ever undertaken, and it is the first test by any state of the vast unknown quantity vaguely known as the underflow of water which is believed to underlie regions contiguous to mountains.

"PEG LEG" MINE.

Belief That It Has Been Re-Discovered After Sixty Years.

Yuma, Ariz., July 10.—It is now generally believed that the gold mine found near India, on the desert, is the old "Peg Leg" mine, found by "Peg Leg" Smith and party sixty years ago. The quality of quartz, old workings, human bones, kind of gold, richness of ore and location indicates that it is really the old mine. It is producing from $300 to $1,000 per day in a two stamp mill. Two million dollars have been offered for the property.

LEWIS, THE FORGER.

Sum Total of Fraudulent Bonds Goes Far Beyond $100,000.

Urbana, O., July 11.—Additional forgeries continue to come to light on Z. T. Lewis. The amount of forgeries on bonds known positively aggregate one hundred and eleven thousand dollars. This does not include a large amount in bonds supposed to be forgeries. George Mock, a Columbus broker, has just turned up with $10,000 fraudulent bonds. Five thousand are Adams county bonds and five thousand Tippecanoe City school bonds. W. E. Hutton, of Cincinnati, has ten thousand of Tippecanoe City school bonds that are fraudulent. Boston bankers to give names.

have a batch of forged Mechanicsburg school bonds. They are rank forgeries, having lithographed signatures of officials in place of written signatures. They also have the name of John J. Morris signed as clerk of the school board, when the correct name is John J. Mauk. Similar bonds are held by Springfield parties. It is believed here that the forgeries will aggregate over $200,000.

The liens on the property of Lewis in this county amount to $88,000, while the property is valued at about $60,000. Judge Heiserman appointed Sheriff Miller as receiver of the property of Lewis last evening.

Mr. Lewis did not spare his own brothers in his swindling. He received $9,000 from one brother for a farm, failed to deliver the deed, then mortgaged the farm for its full value. To-day T. J. Lewis, another brother, discovered that Z. T. Lewis, the forger, had forged a mortgage on his (T. J. Lewis's) farm and obtained money on it. The president of the school board at Mechanicsburg received by mail yesterday from the president of the National bank of Redemption, of Boston, a letter enclosing a $1,000 bogus Mechanicsburg school bond with the query: "What is this bond worth?"

Cincinnati, July 11.—Broker W. E. Hutton, of this city, admits that he lost $9,500 by Z. T. Lewis's swindling operations. Mr. Hutton says he knows that others were touched for large sums by Lewis before he was victimized to the tune of $9,500. He declines

Indianapolis, July 11.—E. B. Hutchinson, chief of the claims department of the Pennsylvania railroad, with headquarters here, holds $11,000 worth of the bogus bonds put on the market by Z. T. Lewis, of Urbana. They are school bonds supposed to have been issued by the town of Tippecanoe, O. Lewis offered to take them up, about a week ago, but Hutchinson refused to surrender them, thinking they were gilt edged securities. Some time ago Hutchinson loaned Lewis a sum of money belonging to a relative, taking bonds as collateral security. Hutchinson surrendered the bonds a short time ago and the money was paid without delay.

Springfield, O., July 11.—It is learned to-day that the First National bank here holds $2,000 of spurious Mechanicsburg bonds, bought of Z. T. Lewis, of Urbana. The Shelby County bank, at Ansonia, O., which Lewis was president of, are closed and runs are reported on other concerns in which Lewis was interested.

Hamilton, O., July 11.—Butler county bonds of $500 each, series of 1893, were presented for redemption yesterday, and the signatures of Auditor Duerr and all the county commissioners were forgeries. Z. T. Lewis bought $40,000 of these bonds and how many he forged in addition is not known.

PURITANS ARE UP.

Senator Hill Says the Puritans Are in the Saddle in New York.

New York, July 12.—Senator Hill has written two letters in reply to requests for an opinion as to the propriety of requesting the governor to call an extra session of the legislature for the enactment for a more liberal excise law. In one to the Hon. C. M. Roche, president of the Young Men's Democratic Club, he says: "I should certainly favor the suggestion if I believed it would result in any practical relief. I realize the arbitrary, harsh and technical manner in which the law is now being enforced by the busybody and notoriety-seeking police commissioners of your city, but I fail to discover any effectual remedy in the suggestion of an appeal to the governor and the present legislature. It is evident that they will not grant this application, and if granted the present legislature would not afford the relief desired. Those who are urging a legislative session seem to overlook the fact that the Puritans are now in the saddle both at Albany and New York city.

INSURGENT MARTI'S DEATH.

A War Correspondent's Story of the Event.

New York, July 11.—Frank Woodward, the Cuban war correspondent, arrived to-day on the steamer Ardanhu from Gibara, apparently none the worse for his trying experiences in Cuba. Woodward tells the following story of the death of Gen. Marti, of Cuba. When Marti with about 200 Cubans was reconnoitering in the vicinity of Gibara he fell in with a force of Spanish troops, numbering nearly 2,000 men, who were drawn up on the banks of a small river. The insurgent scouts were about to retreat when Marti ordered a charge. The Spaniards, taken by surprise, soon formed a square. Gen. Marti, mounted on a large gray stallion, which he spurred furiously into a gallop, charged madly on the Spanish square, breaking down their ranks. The horse became unmanageable and plunged violently, goaded and pierced by the Spaniards' bayonets. Marti was dragged from his horse and bayonetted, and his body afterwards riddled with bullets.

THOSE FUNNY INDIANS.

Worship an Old Fake Because It Rained When He Said It Would.

Wichita, Kan., July 15.—In the Caddo Indian district it has been raining steadily for a week. The rain coming as it does after the incantations of Squirrel, an aged and decrepid Indian who claims that the Great Spirit has given him the power to make rain, has driven the Caddo Indians into a frenzy. They have gone so wild over the magic art which Squirrel claims to possess that they are worshipping him as a god.

PROF. NORTON S. TOWNSEND.

Death of a Man Who Has Helped Make Ohio History.

Columbus, O., July 15.—Prof. Norton S. Townsend, of the Ohio State University, who had had the chair of agriculture in that institution ever since it was founded, died at his home in this city Saturday night. He was born in England in 1815, and came to this country in 1830. In 1848, when a member of the lower house of the Ohio legislature, he cast the deciding vote which sent Hon. Salmon P. Chase to the United States senate.

NEW YORK'S TWO MILLION.

New Directory Gives Gotham That Population.

New York, July 13.—The 109th volume of Trow's New York city directory, just out, indicates a population of nearly 2,000,000 in the city of New York, not including the residents of the newly annexed Westchester territory, whose names are not in the new volume.

HAYWARD'S LIFE PROLONGED.

Supreme Court Granted a Stay of Execution.

Minneapolis, Minn., July 11.—The Supreme court has granted a stay of execution in the case of Harry T. Hayward, under sentence of death for murder, until the appeal can be heard in the October term.

Cuban Leader's Headquarters.

New York, July 15.—Tomas Estrada Palma, recently selected as the head of the Cuban revolutionists in the United States and other foreign countries, is in New York to make arrangements for opening headquarters in this city. His first act was to appoint Gonzalo de Queseda his secretary, thus continuing him in the office he held under Palma's predecessor, Jose Marti.

C. E. AT BOSTON.

Forty Thousand Endeavorers Capture the City.

Boston, July 11.—The greater meetings of the Christian Endeavor convention began under favorable conditions. The sky was cloudy, but did not threaten rain. A larger part of the immense crowd that attended the meetings went to the Mechanics hall, while the others were about equally divided between tents Williston and Endeavor on the Boston Commons. It is estimated that almost 24,000 delegates attended the meetings, which were held simultaneously.

A GREAT ARMY

Now Encamped Within the Gates of Boston.

Boston, July 12.—All Boston has sounded with the enthusiasm of the great army of young Christians now within her gates. The splendid welcome that yesterday was officially extended to the 53,000 delegates to the grand Christian Endeavor convention has gladdened their hearts and last night three magnificent divisions of the multitude praised God in song and prayer.

Every address delivered last evening was of importance and interest. At the Mechanics' building, Rev. Francis E. Clark, D. D., of Boston, founder and president of the society, delivered his annual address. The address was also read in Tent Williston by Rev. H. T. McEwan, Ph. D., of New York, and in Tent Endeavor by James Lewis Howe, of Lexington, Ky. Thus it was heard by 29,000 people, for in each of the tents the Endeavorers were 10,000 strong, and at Mechanics' building were gathered 9,000 more.

The story it contained was a story of success that exceeded hope, and almost audacious in its extent, and it evoked the utmost enthusiasm, which was expressed in such hosannas as modern Athens has never heard before.

The meeting in Tent Williston last night was perhaps the greatest of the three. The address of Rev. H. Conwell drew a great crowd; an address by Rev. Teunis Hamlin, D. D., of Washington, D. C., whose subject was "Washington," was a very strong effort, while Mr. W. H. Pennell, of Washington, D. C., spoke in Tent Endeavor on the same subject.

Addresses by Dwight L. Moody at the Mechanics' building, and by John G. Wooley, the noted Chicago temperance lecturer, who spoke in Tent Endeavor on "The Christian Endeavor vs. the Saloon," were also great attractions. The choruses, too, at all three meetings, surpassed all that has yet been attempted in music since the meeting began. Eight hundred singers were included in that at Mechanics' hall, and each of the tents had a quota of not less than 600.

General Secretary John Willis Baer, of Boston, presided at Mechanics' hall. General Treasurer William Shaw, of Boston, led the meeting in Tent Williston, and Trustee Rev. J. Z. Tyler, D. D., of Cleveland, directed affairs in Tent Endeavor.

The denominational rallies held in the afternoon in 27 churches, halls and tents were attended by thousands of delegates belonging to the 27 denominations represented at the convention. More than one hundred clergymen and laymen spoke at these meetings on almost as many subjects.

After the big convention meeting of the forenoon hundreds of the delegates held noonday rallies throughout the city. In the churches and halls, in vacant lots, on street corners and wharves, in the big markets and factories and in missions and large retail stores they gathered and offered prayers for the benefit of the thousands of toilers who heard them.

Twenty ladies and gentlemen wearing the badge of the society entered the gallery of the stock exchange at noon. The traders at once abandoned business and facing the gallery, with uncovered heads, earnestly sang "America."

Mr. Baer's report showed a gain of 7,750 societies for the year, the largest increase for any consecutive twelve months during the fourteen years of the bodies' existence. The total number of societies is 41,229, including 2,645 in the United Kingdom; Australia, 1,500; Africa, 30; China, 32; France, 64; India, 117; Japan, 59; Madagascar, 93; Mexico, 25; Turkey, 39; West India, 18; Canada, 63, and so on until every country is represented, save five, Italy, Russia, Iceland, Sweden and Greece. The total membership is 2,473,740.

The board of trustees of the United Societies of Christian Endeavor held an adjourned meeting at Hotel Brunswick at 5 o'clock yesterday afternoon. The only business of importance transacted was a discussion of the question of place for the 1897 convention. Yesterday a petition from Los Angeles was considered. At to-day's session, invitations from Portland, Ore., San Francisco and Seattle, Wash., were presented, and after considerable discussion it was voted to hold the convention at San Francisco if satisfactory railroad accommodations could be insured.

SATURDAY'S PROCEEDINGS.

"Good Citizenship" Day—Venerable Neal Dow is Introduced.

Boston, July 13.—To-day, the fourth of the great Christian Endeavor conference, is designated as "good citizenship." At all the meetings of the forenoon the reports, addresses, presentations and songs trended toward the subject, and leading speakers of the day were men whose fame was the result of their efforts for municipal and state reform.

Many thousand delegates began the day as they have every day of the convention thus far, with devotions. Morning prayer meetings were held in a score of churches at 6:30 o'clock. Many impromptu meetings were held on the streets and many a toiler in store or factory lingered to take in the services on the way to work. The weather is perfect and the delegates are very thankful for their good luck in this respect. Again Mechanics hall was the great objective point of the crowds this morning. An hour before the doors of the great hall opened, several thousand persons were singing Endeavor songs, while they waited on the sidewalks outside. On the Common it was again the same, and every ear that went through the streets adjoining the Commons and public garden added to the host.

The announcement that Hon. Neal Dow, the apostle of temperance, would be introduced from the platform at Mechanics hall attracted many to that meeting place, and the appearance of the venerable man, now in his ninety-first year, was the signal for applause that has not been paralleled during the convention.

At this meeting also Bishop Alexander Walters, D. D., of Jersey City, spoke interestingly of the responsibility of the Afro-American race in American citizenship, and Congressman Elijah Morse, of Massachusetts, aroused great enthusiasm by a speech on citizenship. Bishop Arnett, D. D., of Wilberforce, O., was the leading speaker at Tent Williston.

At Tent Endeavor there was an earnest parliament on the subject: "What are you going to do for Christian citizens?" which was conducted by Rev. Wm. G. Clarke, of Chicago.

At all of the morning meetings the presentation of a banner to the union making the best record in the work of promoting citizenship was a feature of the exercises.

In both tents, under the programme title "Voices from North America," six minute speeches on civic improvement were made by delegates representing all parts of the country.

Convention End Approaches.

Boston, July 15.—To-night the fourteenth international convention of the Y. P. S. C. E., one of the most successful meetings in the history of the society, will close, and most of the delegates will devote the rest of the week to sightseeing in Boston and vicinity. The day opened with an overcast sky, but it soon cleared considerably and permitted the warming rays of the sun to temper a rather chilly east wind. The services of to-day seem to have a deeper religious feeling than any that have been held since the first day of the convention, probably due to the subsiding of the excitement of the opening days and the impressive character of the exercises. "Consecration" was the central thought in all the score or more of prayer meetings that began at 6:30, and was in fact the principal subject of the day.

The attendance of all the morning meetings was as large as on any day last week. The addresses of President George A. Gates, D. D., of Iowa college, and President Ethelbert D. Warfield, LL. D., of Easton, Pa., in Tent Williston were the features of the morning. The former spoke of the "consecration of an educated life," and he was followed by his great audience with close attention. President Warfield's address was on "The attractions of the ministry to educated men."

At Tent Endeavor an address by Robert E. Speer, of New York, on the missionary service proved a great drawing card. Mr. Speer's great work in missionary fields has made him famous among Christian Endeavorers, and thousands were surprised this morning at the youth of this leader. He is not yet thirty years old, but is a veteran in his chosen work. This morning meetings in both tents were conducted under the general title "The scholarship of the world for Christ."

RAINS STOPS THE FIRES.

Vast Amount of Damage Done to Crops, However.

Midland, Mich., July 15.—The forest fires that have been raging for the last week north of Hubbard approached the small hamlet last Friday, and despite the heroic efforts of the inhabitants burned the large and substantial camp buildings, three in number. A frame building known as the saloon also burned to the ground. The contents were saved, excepting the counters and ice-boxes. The camps were not occupied at this season of the year. A few rods of railroad is also rendered useless for a time, the ties having been burned and rails warped through the excessive heat.

The depot, store and postoffice are under one roof. Mr. Spring, the postmaster, shipped the postoffice to this city yesterday and has everything in readiness for a hasty exit should occasion demand it. The wind which has been blowing hard for several days has abated, however, and the people think that the great danger is over. The settlement nine miles north contains 300 souls. The people are a sturdy class of Germans, mostly and are doing well for new settlers, over $1,000 having been paid them within the last 30 days for tan bark alone.

Taking Every Precaution.

Traverse City, Mich., July 15.—Last night it was reported that fresh blazes are arising near Fouch, about eight miles from this city, also Lake Ann and Cedar Run. No great danger is apprehended and there is no valuable property threatened, though if there should come a gale of wind the effect would probably be serious. Everything being dry as tinder, the flames would be fanned into a dangerous condition. Mill men are taking every precaution to arrest danger.

All Trains Are Running.

Bay City, Mich., July 15.—Although very little rain has fallen in this vicinity yet the fires seem to have abated considerably since Saturday, and further serious loss is not expected. The damage done to crops in Emmet county during the past week is estimated at about $12,000. All the trains were running to-day, and no great delays have been caused by the fires.

Light Rain Fell.

Grand Rapids, July 15.—Reports from points in Northern Michigan show that a light rain fell along the Muskegon river and extended north to Cadillac. The rain nearly covered the pine section, and further damage from forest fires is not anticipated there. North of the Manistee river fires are reported at many points, but as they are in hard wood forests the damage will be light.

Heavy Rain at Midland.

Midland, Mich., July 15.—A soaking rain visited this section of the state last night, checking the forest fires. The settlers at Hubbard are out of danger for the time being.

GROVER ON WEDLOCK.

Was Written Over Four Years Ago—Answering a Wedding Invitation.

Atlanta, Ga., July 13.—The Journal yesterday afternoon printed a letter written over four years ago by President Cleveland to John Temple Graves, of Georgia, the distinguished southern orator, on receipt of an invitation to Mr. Graves' then approaching marriage.

Mr. Graves had, by reason of public and private association become closely acquainted with Mr. Cleveland and enjoyed his friendship and esteem in a gratifying degree. When the wedding cards were sent to the then ex-president, Mr. Graves accompanied them with a letter in which he paid tribute to the beauty and tenderness of the president's own domestic life, and the influence of this high example upon the domestic life of the people.

The answer came promptly in the exquisite letter which follows:

"No. 816 Madison Ave.,
"New York, Dec. 20, 1890.

"John Temple Graves, Esq., Rome, Ga.

"My Dear Mr. Graves: We received the card of invitation to your wedding a day or two ago, and I am glad that your letter, received only a few hours ago, justifies me, on behalf of my dear wife and myself, to do more than formally notice the occasion. And first of all, let me assure you now, how much we appreciate the kind and touching sentiment you convey to us in our married state. As I look back upon the years that have passed since God in his infinite goodness bestowed upon me the best of all His gifts—a loving and affectionate wife—all else, honor, the opportunity of usefulness and esteem of my fellow-countrymen, are subordinated in every aspiration of gratitude and thankfulness.

"You are not wrong, therefore, when you claim, in the atmosphere of fast coming bliss which now surrounds you, kinship with one who can testify with unreserved tenderness, to the sanctification which comes to man when heaven-directed love leads the way to marriage.

"Since this tender theme has made us kinsmen, let me wish for you and the dear one who is to make your life doubly dear to you, all the joy and happiness vouchsafed to man.

"You will, I know, feel that our kind wishes can reach no greater sincerity and force than when my wife joins me in the fervent desire that you and your bride may enter upon and enjoy the same felicity which has made our married life 'one grand, sweet song.'

"Very truly your friend,
"GROVER CLEVELAND."

A year or so ago Mr. Graves requested of the president permission to publish the letter for the sake of its influence upon the home life of the people, and Mr. Cleveland promptly replied that, although the wording of the letter had passed from his recollection, he would, for this purpose, freely commit its use, "to the delicacy and discretion of his friend."

The recent interesting domestic event at Gray Gables induced Mr. Graves to consent to the publication of the letter.

THE ELK'S ACCIDENT.

No One Dead—W. G. Meyers of Philadelphia, Made Exalted Ruler.

Atlantic City, N. J., July 12.—The gaiety and bustle characteristic of this resort has given way in a great degree to a feeling of depression in consequence of the disaster at the Baltic avenue casino. It is largely tempered, however, by a devout thankfulness that the catastrophe was no worse, and indeed it is considered almost miraculous that hundreds were not killed outright. At the Pacific Avenue Sanitarium, where the most seriously injured are being cared for, it is reported that only one patient is in any immediate danger of death. This is Frederick Claproth, the cornetist of Jennings' band, of Camden. He has been several times reported dead, but is still hovering between life and death. The other inmates of the hospital are all progressing encouragingly. The number of injured will aggregate close to 200, although it is impossible to obtain exact figures, many of the victims having left for their homes, and the others being scattered throughout the city in innumerable hotels. It has been definitely learned that the accident was caused by a rotten wooden pillar which helped support the second floor of the casino, itself an old and long disused structure facing the board walk.

The afternoon session was devoted to the consideration of routine business, including a number of unimportant amendments to the constitution. The place of the next meeting was left to the grand trustees, who will report to the subordinate lodges before January 1.

These officers were elected: Grand exalted ruler, W. G. Meyers, Philadelphia; grand esteemed leading knight, George A. Reynolds, Hartford, Conn.; grand esteemed loyal knight, B. M. Allen, Birmingham, Ala.; grand esteemed lecturing knight, W. H. McDermott, Columbus, O.; grand treasurer, Percy G. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.; grand secretary, George T. Reynolds, Saginaw, Mich. Board of grand trustees—W. C. Vanderlip, Boston; Joseph B. Loube, Richmond, Va.; Edwin B. Hay, Washington, D. C.; grand tyler, George W. June, Indianapolis.

CHINA BECOMING CHRISTIANIZED.

Pig Tails Used a Lot of Bibles This Year.

New York, July 15.—The 79th annual report of the American Bible society which covers the work of that organization in printing and circulating the Scriptures during the past year, has just been published. The society has distributed more volumes in China during the year than in any preceding year since it began its operations there. In Japan, too, the Bible committee has been able to accomplish a great deal of work among the soldiers of the Japanese army. More than 1,500,000 Bibles, Testaments and integral portions of the Bible were printed by the society within the year, and over 1,000,000 of them were printed on the presses of the Bible House, and more than 500,000 were printed in foreign lands. Through the purchases of additional volumes, the total number printed and procured by the society amounting to 1,958,674 copies. Of these 947,103 volumes were issued from the Bible house and 634,025 in foreign lands. Of the volumes issued from the Bible House 101,196 copies were sent to foreign lands and are not counted among the issues in foreign countries. Of the issues of 947,103 volumes from the Bible House 845,907 have been for the home supply.

FOREIGN.

TRINITY HALL WINS.

Pall Mall Gazette Called the Cornell's Crew "Dirty."

Henley on Thames, July 11.—In the final heat for the grand challenge cup, the Trinity Hall Cambridge Rowing club crew, which defeated Cornell yesterday, beat the New College Oxford boat club crew and thus captured the trophy, representing the Blue Ribbon of aquatics.

When the Eton college crew and the crew from St. John's college, Oxford, were sent away in the final heat for the ladies' challenge plate, at the third stroke Eton's No. 2 caught a crab and lay at the bottom of the boat for some moments, unable to rise. The Oxford boat was a couple of lengths ahead when the Oxford coxswain, H. C. Seils, cried, "ease all."

The Oxfords then returned to the post amid frantic applause in which the umpire and others on his launch joined, while the Etons rattled their oars in the rowlocks in approval.

"Bravo, Oxford," was heard on all sides, and the cry "No more Cornell," was heard from several boats. The race was then started again, and the Eton crew won as they liked by eight lengths.

The only satisfaction yesterday was the thorough beating which the four of the Thames Rowing club gave the four of the Leander boat club in the third heat of the race for the stewards' challenge cup. The Thames crew won as they liked by eight lengths. The Leander four were all members of the Leander crew entered for the grand challenge cup, and are among those who have been so bitter against the Americans. The Thames crew were heartily cheered as they crossed the line ahead, but the Leanders were received in silence.

Fennell, it appears, was ill when he entered the race, suffering from valvular affection of the heart, which caused a big lump on his left side.

As the Cornell crew pulled to the judge's stand in order to go through the formality of leaving their weights, they were all looking like death. About the stand was a crowd of Leander men in their boats, and one of them said: "I suppose you lost on account of the hard race you had yesterday?" Another Leander man jeeringly remarked: "Of course, you're coming again in '96?" The Cornell men made no reply to these sneers.

London, July 11.—The Pall Mall Gazette this afternoon says: "The Americans failed to enter into the spirit of the Henley regatta which calls upon competitors as well as visitors to dress as cleanly and as tidily as possible. The 'varsity and other English crews make a point of rowing in new jerseys with colors unstained by rain or perspiration. It is not too much to say that such a dirty looking crew as Cornell never competed in the regatta within the memory of most of its frequenters. They wore a large red "C" embroidered on the front of their jerseys, and in every case the color of this letter had run several inches. We hope they will get a new turnout if they row in the coming metropolitan regatta."

MANITOBA SCHOOL MATTER.

Hon. A. R. Angers Resigned and Sir Hector Langevin Appointed.

Ottawa, Ont., July 12.—The government yesterday afternoon made its promised announcement of policy in the matter of Manitoba's schools. It will not bring in a bill establishing separate schools in Manitoba at the next session, in January. As a result, Hon. A. R. Angers, minister of agriculture, a French Canadian, has resigned his portfolio.

Messrs. Ouimet and Caron, the other French ministers, made speeches, saying that they had not resigned, and that they were fully in accord with their English colleagues.

Ottawa, Ont., July 12.—At a meeting of the cabinet held last night the government decided to offer the position of minister of agriculture, made vacant by the resignation of Hon. A. R. Angers, to Sir Hector Langevin, member of the house of commons for Three Rivers.

In the famous "scandal session" of 1891, Sir Hector, then minister of public works, was shown to have profited to the extent of $25,000 by the McGreevy-Connolly boodling in connection with the Quebec harbor improvements contract which was obtained for them from the government. As a result of the exposure Langevin was expelled from the cabinet.

EUSTIS DID TALK.

He Was Not Aware it Was a Newspaper Man.

Paris, July 11.—The Figaro this morning publishes a statement from the Hon. James B. Eustis, the United States ambassador to France, in which the latter says:

"The fact is now recalled to my memory that Secretary Vignaud introduced M. Routier to me on May 13, not as a journalist but as a writer. According to my custom, I had a conversation with him, but I certainly did not authorize M. Routier to publish it. He did not tell me he had such an intention, and if he had I should have taken the necessary precautions. Indeed, I should have forbidden him, as would have been my duty, to divulge anything of our conversation. I did not use the language M. Routier attributes to me, and I do not understand why M. Routier thought he had the right to invite me to discuss delicate questions of international politics."

The Estafette, discussing the affair, remarks:

"It would not require many such incidents, especially in view of the effect which it produced in Spain, to lead to serious complications with the United States. The fault rests entirely with the United States, which, by carrying out the application of the Monroe doctrine to an abuse, and by the ubiquity of their intervention, disturb the European nations and injure in the end their most legitimate interests."

THAT MORA CLAIM NOW SHRUNK

Spain Dawdled, Uncle Sam Demanded, and Here's the Result.

Madrid, July 15.—After having acknowledged the validity of the claim of Antonio Maximo Mora an American citizen, for over $3,000,000 in 1886, the government to-day, through the foreign and colonial ministers, has agreed to immediate payment of the compromise amount agreed upon. A recent demand of the United States government made through Minister Taylor hastened the adjustment of the claim. There is a strong American party here among the politicians who look with favor upon the strictly neutral attitude the United States authorities at Washington have maintained toward the Cuban revolution. Before the adjournment of the Cortez early this month strong pressure was brought to bear for the settlement of the claim in view of the fact that in the event of Spanish defeat in Cuba the United States might be a powerful factor in securing peace and protection for Spanish interests jeopardized on the island.

It is understod that the United States government has agreed to accept for the claimant or those representing him, $1,500,000 in full settlement of the claim.

The claimant is Antonio Maximo Mora, an American citizen living in New York city, and 77 years of age. Years ago he was a sugar planter in Cuba and owned a steamboat line, the boat of which plied between Havana and New York. He became an American citizen in 1859 in New York. During one of the many revolutions on the island of Cuba, Mora's plantation was seized by the Spanish government and kept. In the papers at the state department it appears that the Spaniards derived $2,500,000 from the lands before their rapacity ruined their productive powers.

Antonio R. Mora, of Gonzalez, Mora & Co., of Chicago, is a son of the original claimants in the case. The bulk of the claim, it is believed, was assigned years ago to a syndicate of New Yorkers, who have worked ever since for the winning of it. The elder Mora, it was claimed some time ago, would receive but a small portion of the claim if it was ever allowed.

YELLOW FEVER RAGING.

No Wonder the Spanish Want to Get Out.

Washington, D. C., July 12.—Advices to the surgeon-general of the Marine Hospital service indicate an alarming increase in yellow fever in Cuba and other West Indian islands. The week ending June 29 recorded 28 deaths in Santiago, while there is an average of five deaths daily at Puerto Principe, city of 45,000 persons. There are 100 cases in the Military Hospital at San Juan, Island of Porto Rico, and

WASHINGTON.

BOLIVIA, ECUADOR AND PERU

How They Would Make the South American Continent Shake.

Washington, July 12.—South American diplomats in Washington are much interested in the press reports that Bolivia has presented the ultimatum to Peru which the latter has rejected and that Bolivia and Ecuador have formed an alliance with the prospect of making war on Peru. Peru's former strength has disappeared since her war with Chile. The Chileans took the Peruvian warships, and it is believed that the old transport is all that remains of the Peruvian navy. The army is said to number about 4,000 men.

Bolivia has no navy, and her army is said to be about the same as that of Peru. She is entirely on land since the war with Chile, when Chile took possession of those provinces which had formed Bolivia's coast line. Ecuador is said to be in good fighting trim as she has just emerged from a revolution and all her people are in arms. But her navy is insignificant, her only good warship having been sold to Japan six months ago. It looks, therefore, to those conversant with the situation, that the three crippled countries would not engage in a very formidable war. They cannot fight by sea, and there are great stretches of desolate and mountainous country between them. Chile is in no way interested in the trouble. The last war appears to have established her firmly as mistress of the west coast of South America.

GOVERNMENT SPOTTERS

Are Keeping Mail Carriers Under Surveillance.

Washington, July 15.—Philadelphia, Allegheny and Pittsburg have felt the effect of the new system of secret inspectors watching mail carriers to see whether they loiter and lose time unnecessarily upon their routes, and in general to find out what is their dendency. In each one of these cities carriers have been suspended, reprimanded and in some cases ordered to show cause why they should not be removed. The charges against them were carelessness in handing the mails, drinking, loitering, etc. The postoffice department, in spite of the criticisms that have been given to this secret work, will continue it in all the larger cities, and in time in most of the cities that have the free delivery service.

As the success of the scheme depends upon the taking of the carriers unawares, postal officials will say nothing of their plans, remaining absolutely silent regarding the points that they will touch next. The system may be absolutely unpopular, but it has the effect of stirring carriers to renewed efforts and in securing from them better service.

AUSTRALIAN IMPORT DUTIES.

Changes Making That Will Interest Many American Shippers.

Washington, July 15.—United States Consul General Maratta, at Melbourne, Australia, has transmitted to the Department of State a list of a number of alterations proposed to be made in the tariff of Victoria as the result of the work of a special board, the findings of which were revised by the government. The subject is now before the parliament of the colony. Among the more important changes made in the schedules are the following: Horses free, formerly 2 pounds, 10 shillings per head; wool apparel, 45 per cent., formerly 50 per cent.; India rubber and cotton belting, 20 per cent., formerly free; blankets, 10 per cent., formerly free; carriages, 8 pounds, formerly 10 pounds; bicycles, 10 per cent., formerly 25 per cent.; portable engines, 15 per cent., formerly 25 per cent.; agricultural implements, 15 per cent., formerly 20 per cent.; manufactures of metal, 20 per cent., formerly 35; machine tools, 20 per cent., formerly 35; pitch, 25 per cent., formerly free; spirits, 13 shillings gallon, formerly 15 shillings; watches, 15 per cent., formerly 20.

STORY VIGOROUSLY DENIED.

Alleged Leak in Agricultural Department Does Not Exist.

Washington, July 13.—Assistant Secretary Dabney, of the Agricultural Department, when asked concerning the statement of a New York broker that he had been furnished approximately correct information on the July crop report in advance of its official promulgation, said: "It is the same old story that is exploded every once in a while but never vouched for. We deny it absolutely. The truth is, that there are plenty of other people outside of this department who are engaged in the work of preparing statistics of the crop in the interest of the exchanges. They have correspondents all over the country; doubtless, in many cases the same correspondents that the department has. The crops are the same, whoever reports them, and their reports might reasonably be expected to be as accurate as ours. If a man has a set of these figures, it is money in his pocket to say that they emanated from the Department of Arlculture. The truth is that they don't, and that is all there is about it."

CHILI'S CURRENCY CONVERSION.

The Result is the Adoption of a Gold Basis.

Washington, July 15.—Mr. J. M. Serrano, of Valparaiso, Chile, manager of the international railroad connecting Chile and Bolivia, is in Washington, and gives interesting information of the status of affairs in that section, where rumors of war have been prevalent of late. Mr. Serrano says: "The greatest interest in Chile just now is in the currency conversion law resulting in a gold basis, which went into operation on June 1. It has proved very satisfactory in operation, and gives promise of changing the rate of exchange so that the balance of trade will turn toward Chile. Both gold and silver are coined, and the old paper money continues to be used by many who prefer it on account of convenience. But the government always stands ready to redeem the paper in gold, so that there is an actual coin backing for all our money.

AMERICAN FARMERS' HARDSHIPS

Dwindle in Comparison With the Egyptian Husbandman.

Washington, July 16.—Consul General Penfield at Cairo has made a lengthy report to the State Department upon the condition of the Egyptian finances. It shows that while the rate of interest has been cut almost in two the debt of Egypt has increased by about $40,000,000 since the British occupation. Mr. Penfield says this debt is almost overpowering when applying it to an agricultural population of 7,000,000 in a country of only about 9,000 square miles of tillable soil, when manual labor is worth but 20 cents a day. The American, whose material indebtedness is too trifling to be felt, may well pity the lot of the Egyptian who owes $72.50—every man, woman and child. Mr. Penfield says it will surprise American farmers to learn that some husbandmen pay $8.20 land tax per acre annually, and the average is $4.56 per acre.

IDEAL COUNTRY ROADS.

Well Bedded Stone Road With Earth Track Alongside.

Washington, July 16.—The reports of several special investigations conducted by experts of the Agricultural Department have been submitted to Secretary Morton. The inquiry as to the best roads for farming and farmers was conducted by General Royston, who pictures the road that best meets the farmers needs, as a solid well-bedded stone road, so narrow as to be only a single track, but having an earth track alongside. Practical experience shows that the junction of the stones and earth sections of the roads can be kept even, and there is no difficulty in the meeting and passage of loaded teams, two points which have been raised in discussion of construction methods. No rutting of the earth roads results."

WILL JUGGLE THE LAW

And Have a Genuine Bull Fight at Cripple Creek.

Cripple Creek, Col., July 10.—Arrangements are being made for the holding of a carnival of sports of which a genuine bull fight is to be the principal feature. It will be held early in the fall. The bull fight will be conducted in the same way as in the City of Mexico, and two of the most famous toradors of the Mexican capitol have been engaged to conduct the affair. This will be the first real bull fight ever witnessed in the United States. The managers are confident that the law can be juggled until the fight is ended.

MRS. CHASE'S FURNITURE

Has Been Seized For Debt and Will Be Auctioned.

Washington, July 12.—The furniture of Mrs. Katharine Chase, daughter of the late chief justice, and former wife of the late Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, has been seized for debt and is about to be disposed of at auction in this city. A short time ago she filed a petition in the equity court asking that her furniture might be disposed of at private sale. Chief Justice Bingham made an order overruling the prayer and dismissing the petition.

RETURNS ON INCOME TAXES.

Claims of People Who Have Paid, Are Allowed.

Washington, July 10.—The commissioner of internal revenue yesterday allowed 85 claims for tax paid under the income tax law, aggregating $13,-823. The amounts ranged from $30.30 to $2. The collection of the tax under the law before it was declared unconstitutional amounted to $75,000. The names of taxpayers to whom money was refunded will not be disclosed by the commissioner of internal revenue.

Indians Want Their Money.

Washington, July 12.—Secretary Smith, this afternoon, requested the treasury department to pay the $600,-000 due the Nez Perce Indians in Idaho for their lands sold to the government a year ago. The payment was stopped two months ago on account of charges of frauds of various sorts.

GLASSWORKERS FOR AMERICA.

Large Iron Bars Put Up Against Foreigners.

Pittsburg, July 16.—The national convention of the Window Glass Workers of America put up the bars against foreign glass blowers by adopting a resolution increasing the initiation fee from $200 to $500. It is further provided that the applicant for membership must have been a resident of this country for five years prior to his application; that during that time he shall not have worked in any glass house, and that he shall be a naturalized citizen of the United States. Ex-President James Campbell took the floor at the opening and declared that the threats made by Secretary-Treasurer Lyons did not amount to anything, and that the association was in no danger of losing its funds by leaving the K. of L. A resolution to take the headquarters to Indiana for two years, and then to New York for two years, was voted down almost unanimously.

SECOND COMING OF CHRIST.

A Convention to Study Bible Prophecies Concerning the Event.

Pittsburg, Pa., July 16.—Arrangements are being made for a convention in this city for the study of the Bible prophecies in regard to the second coming of Christ. Rev. W. G. Moorehead, D. D., of Xenia, O., and Rev. W. J. Eardman, D. D., of Philadelphia, have been appointed to correspond with prominent ministers, and if possible to secure their services. Among those whose presence is desired are: Rev. A. T. Pearson, D. D., of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Prof. Stifler, of Crosier seminary; Rev. Dr. Stroeter, of New York; Rev. W. J. Eardman, of Philadelphia; Rev. Dr. Parsons, of Toronto, Ont., and Rev. Dr. Goodwin, of Chicago. If a sufficient number of these distinguished gentlemen will accept invitations to be present to assure a two days' convention with three main addresses a day, the arrangements will be completed shortly.

ANYTHING TO REACH AMERICA.

Crafty Chinese New Scheme for Beating the Exclusion Act.

San Francisco, July 16.—The Chinese have discovered a new way by which they expect to beat the exclusion act. It is by landing Chinese as natives of this state. The federal officials have received information that a ring has been formed here by Chinese and white to land Chinese fraudulently. The Mongolians are to be shipped here from Hong Kong as natives of California. For every one that is safely landed the ring is to receive $200. There are now said to be 200 young Chinese on the way here to be landed as natives. Collector Wise has learned of the existence of the ring, and every Chinese that tries to land will be closely examined, and if he cannot prove that he has a right to land he will be sent back to China.

AT HER LOVER'S SUGGESTION

A Fourteen Year-Old Girl Poisoned Her Benefactors.

Seymour, Ind., July 16.—Fleming Sarver and wife, of Uniontown, had an adopted daughter, Dollie Belknap, aged 14. The couple are 60 years old each and well off. The girl has been keeping company with Hays Robins. Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Sarver were taken ill. Upon investigation it was found that poison had been placed in the coffee. Later, Dollie confessed that she, upon the advice of her lover, had poisoned the old folks so that she could inherit their property. Mr. Sarver died last night. When Mrs. Sarver heard of her husband's death she took a relapse and is not expected to live.

WILL TALK ON SILVER.

State Convention to be Held by Missouri Democrats.

St. Louis, July 16.—By a vote of 12 to 2 the Democratic state central committee in session yesterday at the Suthern Hotel, decided to call a state silver convention. The convention will be held at Pertle Springs. The date fixeed was August 6.

In executive session the committee fixed the basis of representation in the convention at one delegate to every 500 votes and fraction over 250 of the Cleveland vote of 1892. This will make a convention of about 600 delegates.

INDIANS STILL TROUBLESOME.

Cheerfully Violating Game Laws in Nebraska.

Cheyenne, Wyo., July 16.—The governor yesterday received a letter from citizens residing in the vicinity of the Indian trouble imploring him to send troops to the scene. Indians are gathering there in force and they fear an uprising. Several bucks have been arrested for violating the game law, and it is said that spouts are now out locating other hunting parties, whom the posse proposes to attack and capture.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

HIGH PRICE OF NAILS.

Manufacturers Have Formed a Combine to Boost Prices.

New York, July 16.—Inquiry in the nail trade in this city shows that there has been an advance in the price of nails in the last 60 days of nearly 100 per cent. This is said to be due to a strong agreement which includes all the manufacturers in the country. One thing is certain and that is that all the manufacturers, agents and dealers in nails in this city are now selling nails at the same prices. It was also learned that there is a strong probability that the prices will go from 30 to 50 cents a hundred pounds on the average higher than they are at the present moment. This advance is checked only by the fear that too much greed may promote foreign competition.

Mr. Fuller said: "I regard the advance as perfectly legitimate outside of any agreement that there may have been between the manufacturers. The fact that there was a reduction of 100,000 tons in stock pig iron during the month is good proof that the consumption is now ahead of the supply in the hands of the furnishers. Yes, the thing may be overdone, and the market opened to foreigners in certain lines. I do not believe much in the danger of foreign competition in the nail trade. The danger is in the foreign shipments of raw material in the shape of steel billets and pig iron. That would check the tendency to advance the prices here."

USED WOMEN FOR SHIELDS.

As Outlaws These Are Certainly the Real Thing.

Hennessy, O. T., July 16.—The posse of farmers organized at Sheridan to capture Yeager's gang of horse thieves found the trail 25 miles of Waukomis and ran pair of the gang to cover in a log house. They surrounded the house, captured the desperadoe's horses and saddles and some arms. After 20 hours siege the outlaws, five in number, forced two women living there to walk ahead of them as shields to keep the posse from shooting, and, each drawing a brace of Colt's revolvers, they made their escape to the heavy timber, firing a number of shots to keep the posse from pressing them too closely. They released the women after making them walk over a mile, and, stealing horses from farmers, made their escape. They headed for their rendezvous in a section of Clos mountains, known as the "Boot," where they are known to have a fortified stronghold. The posse is still determined and is being recruited daily.

MISSION CHURCHES IN JAPAN.

They Have Assumed Self-Support—Interesting Figures.

Boston, July 15.—An interesting letter has been received by the prudential committee of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from Tashku Harada, a representative of the churches aided in Japan, informing the committee and the board that those churches have assumed self-support. Mr. Harada was educated in Congregational institutions in New Haven and Chicago, from his letter it appears that the churches in Japan have anticipated the action of the officials of the missionary societies in the United States and Canada a few months ago urging self-support upon missionary churches. Mr. Harada states that the Kumisi churches now number more than 70, comprising over 11,000 Christians, and of these churches 39 are wholly self-supporting. Their progress has no parellel in Japan.

The American Board received in June $55,000 as against $59,888 in the corresponding month last year. For the ten months of the present fiscal year it has received $532,194 as against $542,009 for the first ten months of the last fiscal year. Three months ago the board was $10,000 behind its regular income for last year; now it is $14,000 ahead.

PAPER MAKING INDUSTRY

In Wisconsin Stopped for Lack of Water Power.

Appleton, Wis., July 16.—The water power situation in the paper making district of Fox river from Menasha to Depere, which has been strained for many weeks was brought to a crisis yesterday by an order from the secretery of war shutting off the use of any water whatever for power purposes until the work is finished to 20 inches to the crest of Menasha dam. This order will be obeyed by many manufacturers and will result in the almost total paralysis of all manufacturing on the river with the exception of three or four mills which have steam plants of sufficient power to run the mills. The loss to this valley by the shut down, computed on a basis of full time and full product as existing before the curtailment of water, May 12, is $12,000 a day in wages, $36,000 in value of product, with 6,000 men out of employment.

"LYNCH THEM."

Fresh Chicago Constables Had a Narrow Escape.

Chicago, July 16.—Herman Kruckstein and Frederick Stumpf, constables, seized a trunk belonging to Mrs. Louisa Sosna and Mrs. Julia Grupp. The women followed them. The constables struck them in the face, knocking them down, and beat them again when they had struggled to their feet. A large crowd gathered and matters became threatening for the constables. They drew their revolvers. This incensed the crowd still more, and there were loud cries of "lynch them." A detail of police from Chicago avenue station rescued the constables just in time.

"CULLUD" COLONY A FAILURE.

Negroes Raised the Deuce in Old Mexico.

Denver, July 12.—News reaches here from Mapimo, Mex., that Bill Ellis, the negro agitator who duped 800 negroes from Alabama and Georgia into going to Tlahuilo, Durango, for farm work where they have become practically enslaved, has been sent to the colony to conduct the negroes back to the American border. The negroes have been dying so fast and have proven so unruly from ill-treatment that the colony managers have resolved to get rid of them,

MICHIGAN MINERS WILL STRIKE.

Headed by Bands the Men Visit Every Mine.

Ishpeming, Mich., July 15.—The miners of Ishpeming and Negaunee held a mass meeting to-day at Union Park midway between the two cities and decided to strike for increased wages. Delegations of striking miners, headed by brass bands, visited the various mines to influence the men. Five thousand men will be out by nightfall and the strike may spread to other districts.

DIED IN THE PULPIT.

Dramatic End of Rev. Joseph Meek, of Xenia, Yesterday.

Chillicothe, O., July 15.—While anniversary ceremonies were being held at the Colored Baptist church yesterday, Rev. Joseph Meek, of Xenia, who was to deliver the principal address of the day, and who was sitting in the pulpit, fell forward in an unconscious condition. He was conveyed to the parsonage next door, and died in a short time.

Judaism in America.

Rochester, N. Y., July 12.—The second day's session of the eighth annual conference of rabbis was opened at Temple Berith Kodesh yesterday, with the presentation of the treasurer's report, which showed a membership of 124. Yesteday afternoon Rev. Dr. Hirsh, of Chicago, delivered an address on the "Philosophy of the Reform movement in American Judaism."

HORR AND HARVEY.

BEGINNING OF THEIR GREAT SILVER DEBATE.

The Opening Statements of the Two Champions.

Chicago, July 16.—It was about 2 p. m. when the witty ex-Congressman Horr, from Michigan, now a resident of New York, and the sharp Colorado newspaper man, Harvey, now a citizen of Chicago, signified to the judges and the select audience present by invitation at the Illinois Club on Ashland avenue that all was in readiness for the successive 1,000-word broadsides that with three-minute rests were to last three hours a day for ten successive days. The judges were ex-solicitor general of the United States Charles H. Aldrich, and Hon. Henry Miller.

Mr. Horr's Opening.

Judges and Gentlemen:—It is agreed between Mr. Harvey and myself that, previous to entering upon the general discussion, each of us shall make a brief statement defining in a general way the position he proposes to occupy in this debate.

The question which we are about to discuss, is one that is not only receiving very great attention among the people of the United States but it is one that is also receiving some attention from the nations of the old world. The question involves the kind of money that shall be used by the people of the United States and has to do with laws which will affect the great business interests of this nation.

The foundation of the discussion upon which we are about to enter is a small book published by Mr. Harvey, my opponent, and entitled "Coin's Financial School."

The real aim and object of that book is to convince the people of the United States that this government alone should at once enter upon the free and unlimited coinage of silver upon the old ration of 16 to 1. The wisdom of such a course I dispute. Mr. Harvey will still maintain the affirmative of that issue.

I will state in the outset that from the beginning to the end of the book there is hardly a proposition made to which I give my assent. I propose to controvert many things which are stated as facts and shall attempt to prove that the entire theory set forth by its author, if adopted by the people of this country would lead only to business disaster and financial ruin. I do not now remember ever to have examined a book carefully in which I found so few statements that I consider worthy of belief, and I certainly never saw so many absolute errors crammed into so few pages.

I am not here as an opponent of bimetallism. I believe in the use of gold and silver as money to the fullest extent that can be done on sound business principles. My position upon this question has been too frequently stated within the last five years to be misunderstood by any one. I believe that both gold and silver are the natural money of the world; that in all the larger transactions gold is better adapted to the needs of the people than silver; that all the smaller business transactions of the human family for many years have been, and always should be, conducted with silver. I also believe that in all transactions of the nations of the world between themselves, the two metals should be used in the settling of balances, but only at their commercial value. I also believe that in the business of our nation the people should never attempt to use either metal except at its actual value, only in cases where one metal may be used as token money, and be made redeemable in metal at its commercial value.

I have always entertained the hope that the business men of the world would yet come together in an international convention and agree upon some basis whereby gold and silver can be used as the money of final settlement among the people of the entire world. I am very clear in my ideas that until some such arrangement shall be made it will be simply suicide for this nation to adopt a system of the free coinage of silver alone, for the reason that almost all the civilized nations of the world have long since discarded. I do not believe that any one government can fix the value upon any two metals, and inasmuch as the world will be governed by the people of the world or of the country itself, so that the two metals will be used side by side. Consequently, if our nation alone should attempt any such action, it would simply place our country upon a silver basis, and the attempt would end in silver monometallism.

If we are compelled to decide between gold monometallism and silver monometallism, then I am decidedly in favor of adopting the standard used by the civilized nations of the world. I believe that the law of 1873., which Mr. Harvey's book denounces as a "crime," was honestly conceived, openly advocated, and passed by the American Congress, after full deliberation, and because the people at that time who held seats in the American Congress believed that such a law ought to be enacted. I do not believe in the teachings of this book, that this nation is on the verge of financial ruin, or that starvation is staring our people in the face. I believe if our nation should adopt the course advocated in this book it would seriously injure the entire wage earners of the United States. I believe we would destroy the confidence of the business men of the world in our integrity as a nation and that we would precipitate such a financial panic as our country has never before seen.

I shall deny most emphatically that the great majority of the people of this country are in debt, and shall insist that three-fourths of the American people are to-day creditors and not debtors, and that consequently the system which Mr. Harvey advocates would work injury to the vast majority of American citizens.

I believe that the American nation should have just as good money as any nation uses on the face of the earth. I believe that every dollar paid to a poor man for his daily toil should be worth as much as the dollars paid to men who are rich. I would have the money which measures values the most stable that can be desired, and would insist that buyers and sellers, lenders and debtors shall as near as possible be required to use the same measure of values, and shall insist that repudiation in all forms is disgraceful and dishonorable in the case of nations, corporations or individuals.

Mr. Harvey's Opening.

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I am here to defend the facts and principles in Coin's Financial School. I expect to make good, in this debate, the following propositions:

1.—That silver and gold are the money of the constitution. That the silver dollar was the unit of value in our coinage system in this country from 1792 to 1873, just as the yardstick was the measure of length. That gold was measured in this silver unit, and concurrent coinages given to it (gold). That silver and gold combined constituted the legal standard of value in this country until 1873. Silver measures gold; the two together measured all other property.

2.—That the act of 1873 was surreptitiously passed.

3.—That during the period 1792 to 1873, the mints were open to the unlimited coinage of both metals into primary or redemption money, and that both were treated as such. That during that period people had a right to have either metal coined into full legal tender money, and that the option was the debtor's to pay in coins of either metal.

4.—That this bimetallic system made an unlimited demand for both metals to be coined into money, increased the demand for these metals, and so long as this law, authorizing any one to coin 371¼ grains of silver and 23 2-10 grains of gold into a dollar, there was no one willing to sell either for less than a dollar.

5.—That the option to pay in either metal caused the cheaper of the two metals to be used, and transferred the demand from the dearer to the cheaper metal, and restored its relative commercial value. We are for both silver and gold. We are called silver men because we are defending the metal that has been demonetized.

6.—That it is to the interest of the United States to act independently in the remonetization of silver, at the ratio to gold of 16 to 1, without waiting for the action of any other nation.

7.—That monometallism consists in the use or the dearer of the two metals to the exclusion of the other as primary or redemption money. That monometallism of the other as primary or redemption money. That monometallism is an experiment on trial for the first time in the history of the world, and began with the period 1873, that it is impractical and impossible as a stable money measurement of values; is not based on scientific financial principles; is in the interest of the money lenders and against the interest of the property owners and laborers.

8.—That the gold unit as a measure of values, with no concurrent coinage of any other metal to assist it in performing the functions of primary money, has caused the fall in prices as compared with 1872, when the world's prices of property were measured in the money mass of both metals.

That all pieces of property and labor have declined accordingly as compared with 1872 except when held up relatively by increased demand or short supply, or combines and trusts, or special reasons affecting a particular service or property. That the average price of all production, except gold, will show this decline is adjusting itself to the gold standard. And that when we include in labor the unemployed and the time lost by those employed, there is a fall in wages of one-half as compared with 1872. The labor is adjusting itself to the gold standard measurement of values.

9.—That the decline in prices covering a period of 22 years, has as a rule made all classes of productive mercantile and manufacturing business unprofitable. That the falling market, covering a long period, destroys the prospective profits based on cost of purchase and production, and a majority of our most astute business men cannot avoid failure or loss of capital under these conditions.

10.—That it has worked a hardship and injury to debtors, who, unconscious of the causes last continuously reduced the prices of their property, have contracted debts during these 22 years. That this fall in prices causes a sacrifice of property and more dollars with which to liquidate these debts. That this has caused the renewal of debts; the contraction of new debts to pay old debts, and an enlarged volume of all debts. That this unjustly takes from a debtor his property, and emphasizes the importance of a stable money measurement of values.

11.—That in the end, no one is benefited by a fall in prices but the money lender, the owner of money and securities payable in money—fixed incomes.

12.—That the foregoing facts and conditions produced by a change in our money measurement in value, will impoverish the masses of the people, and points by reason of the disturbances it will produce, to the overthrow of the republic.

THE POPE SPEAKS.

Extreme Penalty of the Church Upon All Delinquents.

Chicago, July 15.—The papal decree against the Odd Fellows, Sons of Temperance and Knights of Pythias was promulgated in the cathedral of the Holy Name and other churches in this city on Sunday. Its puroprt is peremptory and takes effect at once. All Catholics connected with any of the orders under the papl ban will have to withdraw at once or suffer the extreme penalty of the Roman Catholic church. The cause of the announcement now is a letter from Mgr. Satolli, in which the archbishop sets forth that several Catholic journals have asserted on the authority of prelates that the enforcement of the edict was not obligatory, but left to the judgment of the bishops, and these papers have said that in some dioceses the decree has been discouraged and suspended. The letter urges the archbishop to see that the decree is enforced in all dioceses of his province.

Knights of Pythias of this city were surprised by the letter of Archbishop Satolli. They feel that a great injustice has been done the order and cannot but think that a man who belongs to the Knights of Pythias is bound to be a better man a better Caholic in so far as he spiritual and moral faculties are concerned, though he cannot observe the church laws relating to confession.

HOPE IN AMERICANS.

Junior Order of American Mechanics in Baltimore Sunday.

Baltimore, July 15.—Six thousand members of the Junior Order of the United American Mechanics, and another 4,000 sympathizers crowded Sunday afternoon the great tent erected by the Baptists of Baltimore for the international convention of the Young People's Baptist Union, which will begin its sessions on Thursday next. Rev. Dr. Wharton, the known evangelist, was presented as the special speaker. He was received with a round of rousing cheers, and these were not sparing as the reverend doctor spoke of the "aggressions of the Catholic church."

"Citizens of the proudest country under God's shining sun," said Dr. Wharton, "you are descendants and worthy sons of forefathers who fought for the freedom we now enjoy. America has borne encroachments on her rights long enough, and the time has arrived when she finds herself bound hand and foot. There is hope in your organization. It stands for an entire separation of church from state and a government of America by Americans. It stands for the school house, saying to any ecclesiastical power that attempts to interfere that we will fight to the last to protect it. Once in a while there ought to be a few Americans in office."

SCRAPPING FOR THE FUNDS.

Bullet Faction Getting All Mixed Up.

Eufaula, I. T., July 15.—The latest developments in the Creek dual government is the refusal of a large number of the council members to attend the extra session of that body called by the alleged Chief Bullet, to meet at Okmulgee, on the 17th. It is extremely douttful if a quorum will be present, and if there is not, nothing remaining for the Bullet faction but violence, which has been constantly threatened during the past several weeks. There is now talk of assassination of the Chief Rump, but few expect the threat will be executed. The milk in the whole affair is the $200,000 payment which is being delayed by the present trouble. Both sides are represented at Washington, and are making a fight there for the guardianship for the Creek national funds. It now looks as though the bullet faction will lose, as U. S. Indian Agent Wisdom has espoused the cause of the other side, and the merchants and business men are using all their influence to quiet matters and bring about an early payment of the money to the people.

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For Skin Tortured
BABIES
And Tired
MOTHERS
In One Application of

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The only speedy, permanent, and economical cure for torturing, disfiguring eczema, and every species of itching and burning skin and scalp diseases.

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Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

BADLY DEMORALIZED.

New York Policemen on the Anxious Seat.

New York, July 13.—Moses A. Gunst, one of San Francisco's police commissioners, has been stopping in this city for the past few days. Beyond receiving an invitation to sit with the police commissioners at the regular trials, an occasional chat with an officer or patrolman, and such observations of the police force as he could make in his walks about town, Mr. Gunst said that he had done nothing towards his plan of thoroughly inspecting the department as it is at present. "From whattalk I have had with men on the force," Mr. Gunst said, "I should judge that the New York police force is very much demoralized. Men with whom I have talked, and who have reputations as good officers, are kept on the anxious seat continually as a result of the methods of the present administration.

Mr. Gunst said he considered the action of the police board in closing the liquor saloons on Sunday harmful, and in his opinion on last Sunday there was more intoxication noticeable in this city than there would be in San Francisco, where all the saloons are wide open, and where "side doors" are unknown. He stated that the result of the action of the New York police board must naturally end in the repeal of what proves to be obnoxious laws, and incidentally remarked that next fall would without a doubt witness the return of Tammany to power in New York city.

MONTANA FOR M'KINLEY.

Ex-Senator Sanders Talks Cheerfully About Everything.

New York, July 12.—Ex-Senator W. F. Sanders, of Montana, is in the city. In an interview he said: "We are seeing better times in Montana and all through the Northwest. Business is picking up. We have been forced to adjust ourselves to new conditions, and this in itself was good for us. We have not reached the old time 'boom' conditions, but we are getting to a much more comfortable position than we have been in for the last year or two. Religious papers are devoting space to the silver discussion, and there is an attempt by some free coinage men to boom Don Cameron, but it is unsuccessful. I should say the sentiment was divided between McKinley and Reed, with McKinley a trifle the stronger. There is some talk about Morton and some of Allison. Mr. Harrison made a good President, but I think the Montana people rather hold to the idea that one term is enough."

WANT CONGRESS TO APPOINT

A Commission to Frame a Practical Currency System.

Saratoga, N. Y., July 12.—The New York State Bankers' association concluded its meeting yesterday. Judge Dexter, of Elmira, offered a resolution which was adopted, that the association favor the appointment by Congress of a commission consisting of experts and business men to report to Congress a comprehensive currency system to meet the commercial needs of the nation.

The association will meet at Niagara Falls next year.

Found No Guilt in Them.

Chicago July 12.—The special grand jury called to investigate charges of corruption in the city council heard some testimony yesterday afternoon and adjourned without finding any indictments. It was told the jury that the sum of $50,000 had been first demanded. Direct evidence was given against both Aldermen Martin and Finkler.

Comptroller is Responsible.

Omaha, July 13.—The investigation of the office of city comptroller was begun yesterday. During the investigation the incumbent, Theodore Olsen, is suspended from office. This is indirectly the result of the defalcation of City Treasurer Bolln. The claim being urged that Bolln could not have taken city funds if the comptroller had done his duty.

Mrs. Eliza Scott, who disappeared from Chicago last April and arrived in Oakland has been committed to an insane asylum.

Money, Crops, Trade.

DUN & CO.'S INTERESTING REPORT OF CROPS AND TRADE.

Bradstreet's Comments Upon the Financial Features of the Week.

New York, July 13.—R. G. Dun & Co's. weekly review of trade, which issues to-day, says:

"A business flood, so strong and rapid that the conservative fear it may do harm, is out of season in July. But the reasons this year lap over and crowd each other. May frosts and fright, as is now evident, kept back much business that would naturally have been finished before midsummer, and the delayed accumulation of one season gets in the way of efforts to begin another; but the volume of business, however it may be measured, is remarkably large for the month, even in a good year. The exaggerated fears about crops have passed the syndicate is believed both able and determined to protect the treasury, and the time draws near when the marketing of new crops will turn into a national balance, if speculation does not hinder.

"The week has been notable for a sensational fall in wheat of 8 cents in two days, followed by recovery of 5 cents, though neither accords any interpretation of the quite disregarded government report. The sudden drop in prices was the result of speculative rather than commercial influences, though purchases are not half as large as last year, 2,097,645 bushels (flour included) from Atlantic ports for two weeks of July, against 4,227,-915 last year, had their effect, as well as Western receipts of 1,937,474 bushels against 2,156,918 last year.

"The latest news indicates an enormous crop of corn—much the largest grown if the weather favors; but the price is only 3-8c lower than a week ago.

Cotton has not changed though speculation still turns wholly on prospects regardless of enormous stocks carried over. In Europe the manufacture lags, but here it is satisfactory.

"The weekly output of iron was 171,-194 tons, having risen 13,970 tons in June, and other furnaces have gone into operation since July 4. The rapid rise in prices has brought into operation many additional works, and there is a rush to buy before prices advance further. Influential manufacturers are sending out warnings of the rise which may easily do mischief, and prices in fact have advanced nearly six per cent in two weeks, but are 10 per cent lower than in October, 1894. The demand for structural iron is enormous, including 5,000 tons for No. 2 Broadway, and as much more here and as much in Chicago on smaller orders. Bessemer pig has advanced to $11.40 at Pittsburg, and wire nails to $1.55, but higher than in October, 1892; grey forge to $11.25, structural beams to $1.05 and angles to $1.35. Copper is stiffer at $10.70 and lead at 1.35, but tin is slightly lower at 14c.

"Wool is still advancing with enormous sales, 12,714,000 for the week and in two weeks of July, 26,497,614 pounds were sold against 11,986,550 in the same weeks of 1892. As the sales are about four times the weekly consumption, it is obvious that the market is essentially speculative, but the rise abroad has set the country ablaze, so that Western holders are asking even higher prices than heretofore. But buying by most manufacturers is already affected, and at the prices now asked for wool some manufacturers are doubting whether a corresponding value for goods can be realized.

Failures this week, 257 in the United States against 247 last year, and 35 in Canada against 57 last year."

Bradstreet on Finance.

New York, July 15.—Bradstreet's Financial Review says to-day:

"While the undertone of speculation in the stock market has been strong throughout the week, there has been a continued absence of public or foreign interest and the trading has been almost entirely professional in character. This has given further opportunity for bearish manipulation, although, save in a few instances, the net result seems to be only a tangible increase in the short interest. The fact that London takes no part and seems unwilling to interest itself in American stocks, is an unfavorable feature of the situation. Railroad authorities at the West are encouraged with the outlook for heavy business as soon as the crops begin to move.

"In railroad stocks, the features have been the grangers, which were strong on short covering, induced by the crop report. After this improvement, however, no fresh outside buying appeared, and some heavy lines of shorts were again put out."

IRON TRADE REVIEW.

Consumption is in Excess of the Production.

Cleveland, O., July 11.—The Iron Trade Review this week will say: A further heavy inroad on unsold stocks of pig iron was made in June, and while another month will show quite an increase in production, the recent resumptions have not yet told strongly on the column of active capacity. The fact that even under the latest advances buyers of foundry iron are still trying to make purchases beyond the limit of their needs most producers would indicate a belief that the advance had not yet spent itself. The Eastern Pennsylvania advance of close to $1 a ton bringing Lehigh Valley iron to a basis of $12.50 for No. 2 X foundry and gray forge to $11.50 was an index of actual conditions. Bessemer iron, taking the average of the week's sales, is fully 50 per cent. higher than in the preceding week. Consumption is still plainly in excess of production, and the tonnage of finished steel in all forms shows no signs of relaxing. The billet market is becoming more conspicuous by the absence of sales. There are few buyers and fewer sellers.

REVIEW OF WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Office of The Toledo Blade,
Toledo, O., July 16, 1895.

The following table shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	July 16.	July 9.
U. S. 4's (new), coupons	124	124
U. S. 4's (new), regist'd	123	124
U. S. 5's coupons	116½	116½
U. S. 5's, registered	116½	116½
U. S. 4's, coupons	112½	112½
U. S. 4's, registered	112	112
U. S. 2's, registered	97	95½
Pacific 6's of '95	100	100

Condition of the Grain Trade at the Close This Afternoon.

Trade in wheat opened steady to-day, but eased a fraction soon after the opening. It then firmed on better cables and crop damage reports. Afterward there were frequent fluctuations on contradictory reports from South Dakota. Near the close there was good buying, and prices closed with a firmer tone. It is evident that reports from the Northwest are without much basis of fact, and should be received with caution. When one report shows bad damage and another gives an encouraging outlook, it is best to exercise good judgment before accepting any of them. The crop will not be as large in the spring wheat region as was anticipated, but it is quite doubtful if the damage is anything so big as some of the early reports make it. The cables closed 1d easier, but they had but little effect on American markets. The receipts in the Northwest were much below the corresponding day last year, which will help to prices, and there is a growing belief that farmers in the winter wheat section will be slow in marketing their wheat.

Export clearances to-day: Wheat 28,-688 bushels; flour, 7,079 bbls.; or